Commentary

VOLUME NINETY-ONE • NUMBER TWO • FEBRUARY 1991

"60 Minutes" & the Temple Mount

(including exchanges with Mike Wallace & CBS)

David Bar-Illan

What Everyone "Knows" About Reaganomics
Paul Craig Roberts

The 20th Century's Most Successful Ideology
Ruth R. Wisse

Brennan's Revolution
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Break, Break, Break—A Story
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Sinology in Crisis
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A Neglected Conservative Thinker
Jerry Z. Muller

Books in Review: Angelo M. Codevilla/Samuel Lipman/Diana Schaub/Edward Norden/D.G. Myers

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Letters from Readers

Roe v. Wade

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I can see Margaret Liu McConnell ["Living With *Roe* v. *Wade*," November 1990], wandering the halls as the Constitution was being written, suggesting to all who would hear that they should not elevate freedom of speech or religion, for example, to the status of a constitutional right because it would make it harder for her two daughters to grow gracefully into womanhood.

The Constitution was not meant to provide comfort; it was meant to provide freedom.

DAVID WACHTFOGEL
Manhattan Beach, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Roe v. *Wade* is a legal concept which grants permission but does not pass judgment on its morality or application, notwithstanding the assertion by Margaret Liu McConnell . . . that it "invites [a woman] . . . not only to have an abortion, but to do so without sorrow and with no moral misgivings." This faulty reasoning enables Mrs. McConnell to emote and moralize with impunity, even claiming extremely destructive consequences on the lowest economic levels, as if laws should be targeted to, or contain exemptions for, specific groups.

Mrs. McConnell writes that "the only group I felt I belonged to was generically Young American Woman . . .," as if only her own social set counts. But then she also claims: "By contrast, a woman in the underclass who finds herself pregnant is not likely to have great expectations of what life would be like were she free of the burden of her child; abortion would not broaden her horizons and is not usually her choice." I have seen poor women with "accidental" children who were struggling desperately against great odds to receive a general-education diploma in order to regain a toehold in life. Having an abortion might not have broadened their horizons; but, on the other hand, it would not have deprived them of opportunities, often for the rest of their lives.

Unwanted births have been with us for a long time. Before *Roe* v. *Wade*, there was always the possibility of a trip abroad for the well-to-do, but for the poor there was only the proverbial coat hanger. Blaming the incredible rise of "accidental" pregnancies now occurring on *Roe* v. *Wade* may well ignore data and estimates of the many illegal and often disastrous abortions which occurred in former times but were concealed from the eyes of government.

Retrospectively bewailing the free life-style of her college years, Mrs. McConnell bemoans the absence of parental and moral guidance, and evokes with nostalgia the age of social condemnation and shotgun weddings. I wonder if she would have been amenable to these restrictions at that time and would have accepted the lack of contraceptive advice and facilities without resorting to protests and demonstrations. *Roe* v. *Wade* may have facilitated her life-style, but would its absence have caused her to change it in order to assure her ambitions, or would it only have made her behave with greater circumspection? . . .

MARTIN I. SELLING
Fair Lawn, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Margaret Liu McConnell's arguments are well taken. But in her enthusiasm for new legal methods of enforcing child-support obligations, she bypasses a significant question that has been raised elsewhere (by Joseph Sobran). . . . If we permit women to have abortions for reasons of economic convenience, how may we refuse a role in the decision to men? As things stand at present, a pregnant woman can abort if she fears that motherhood will disarrange her life plans even slightly, but her partner is given no such option. He must abide by her decision; and if she chooses motherhood, he can now be tracked down by computer and his paycheck attached regardless of what his career plans might have been. Should he protest, the reply will be, "Sorry, you should have thought of that before you went to bed"—exactly the reply that abortion advocates think atrocious if addressed to a woman.

Moreover, though the question arises here in the context of irresponsible absentee fatherhood, the connection is not a necessary one. The man in the case may well be more "responsible" than the woman, in the pro-abortionist sense of not wishing to bring into the world

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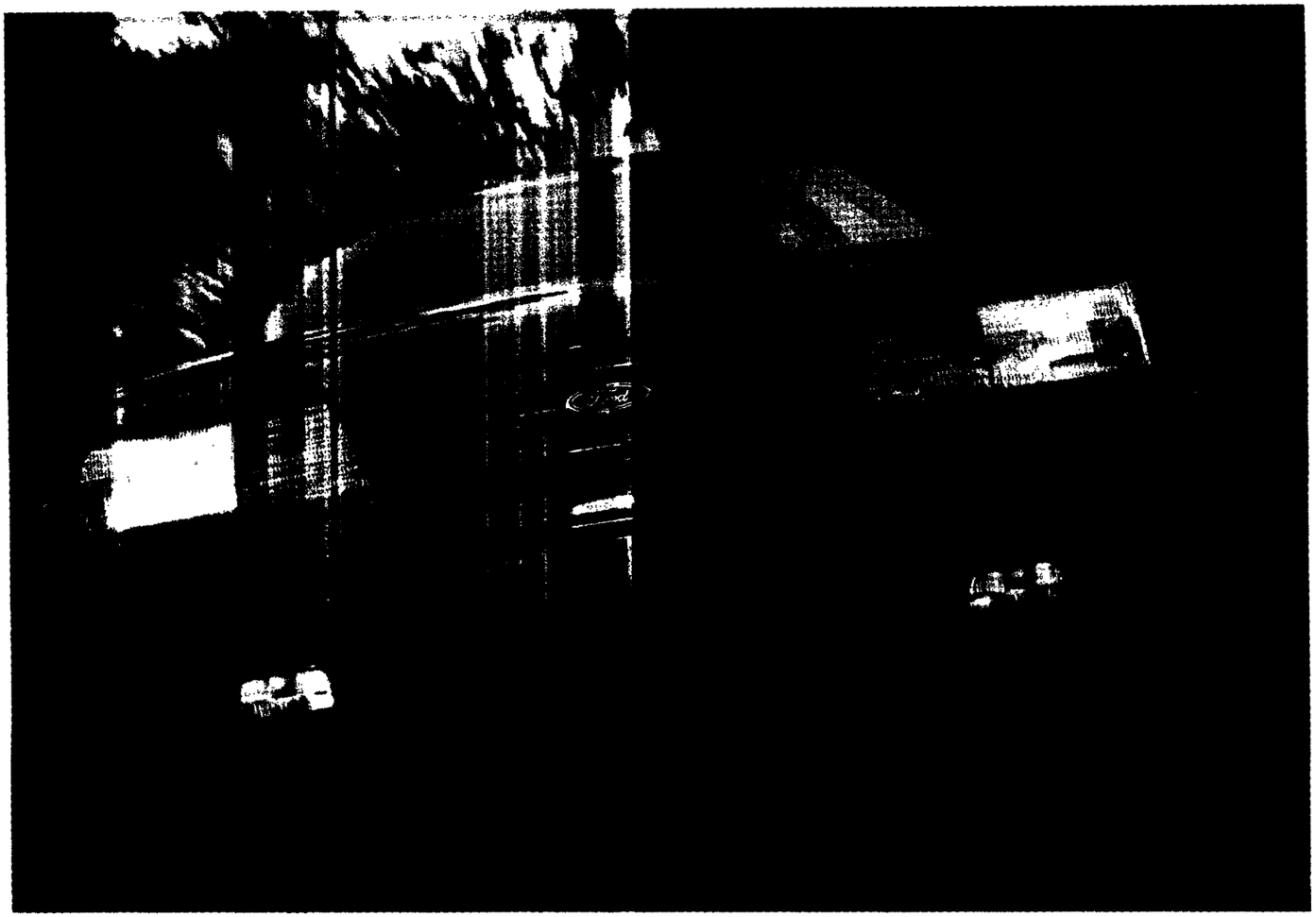

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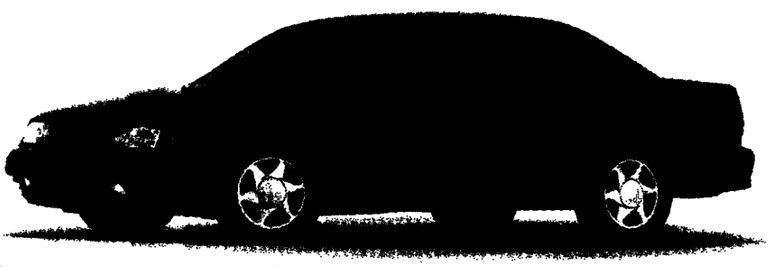

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a child to whose support he feels himself unequal. On pro-abortion principles, why should an anti-abortion woman be able to veto the wishes of a pro-abortion man and then make him pay for the consequences? The more efficient we get at making all men support their children, the more powerful becomes the argument for according prospective fathers the same rights as prospective mothers to abortion or equivalent relief.

WILLIAM A. BEFORT
Grand Rapids, Michigan

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . The rhetoric of the pro-choicers betrays them, because while they accuse anti-abortionists of legislating morality, they claim that they are doing nothing of the sort themselves. They are. Ancient Romans or 19th-century Eskimos would find the arbitrary limits set by the pro-choicers an intolerable imposition of morality (against infanticide), but theirs is more of an anti-morality than either a morality or amorality. While they are ever willing to impose their simple will on others, at the heart of their morality of protection of humans in the third trimester or at birth is the denial that the fetus's humanity counts and, of course, the denial of the morality which made the West and their wonderful selves. . . .

Mrs. McConnell places the main part of the blame for inner-city violence on drug abuse and an economy based on criminal activities and welfare, and she is quite right as far as she goes. Unfortunately, however, to leave it at that would imply that we could fight crime more effectively by stopping drugs than by stopping abortion, when legal abortion morally undergirds any individual decision to use drugs. Timothy Leary uses the argument of the pro-choicers for drug legalization, as do others, and if the great philosophers in our Congress are incapable of making the connection, anyone looking for an excuse to take drugs is likely to make this obvious link between the two.

The morality so badly needed by people in our society has been weakening for a very long time, and abortion on demand is a result of this process, but it would also seem to be a rather intolerable acceleration of the trend. Gone is the official recognition that humans are human in essence; in its place is the view of human beings as collections of certain attributes that the (1973) Supreme Court finds valuable. It would be surprising if some are not criminals because they ate from this false tree of knowledge.

GLEN DAVIDSON
College Place, Washington

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As Margaret Liu McConnell points out, some think *Roe* v. *Wade* is a great victory for the women's movement; but the fact is that the founders of the feminist movement in the United States were principled and courageous foes of abortion; they opposed abortion not simply because it was unsafe but also because it destroys innocent human life and ultimately hinders the cause of justice for women.

Susan B. Anthony, for example, described abortion as "child murder," while Elizabeth Cady Stanton referred to it as "infanticide." And Matilda Gage discerned that abortion is a great male convenience because it allows men to evade responsibility for their self-centered, hedonistic sexual activities.

Since 50 percent of the unborn babies butchered in their mothers' wombs are little baby girls, it seems fair to say that the proponents of abortion on demand are the true foes of women. . . .

HAVEN BRADFORD GOW
Chicago, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

"Living With *Roe* v. *Wade*" by Margaret Liu McConnell was excellent—well thought-out, well-written, etc. But there is a little blemish . . . in the third sentence where she wrote, ". . . when one of them cries out, often with a Southern twang. . . ."

It is not so much the *fact* that Southerners, especially cultured ones, almost never speak with a twang (twangs can be heard in much of America, but rarely in the South); it is the *perception* by such a learned non-Southerner that (1) Southerners speak with a twang; (2) Southerners are models of backwardness; and (3) it is perfectly all right for learned non-Southerners to employ ridicule of Southerners to make a point. . . .

JOHN D. CALHOUN
Ruston, Louisiana

MARGARET LIU MCCONNELL writes:

David Wachtfogel imagines me wandering the halls as the Constitution was being written. Evidently this is not the only thing imaginary in his views of the Constitution and the era in which it was created. Evoking the Founding, as Mr. Wachtfogel does, is a standard pro-choice argument; the air rings with echoes of the American Revolution and pro-choicers get all choked up recalling the principles on which the country was founded. These hearty defenders of civil liberties equate freedom with a prohibition against allowing the law to reflect moral judgment, and then they posthumously attribute this formulation to the authors of the Constitution.

Now the idea that the law should be leached of all moral judgment is a fair subject for debate. But the patriotic chorus of David Wachtfogel *et al.* is inappropriate, for it is a relatively new idea dating not from the Founding, but from the 1960's (an age not generally known for celebrating fundamental American values).

The American Revolution made real the grand and exhilarating idea that ordinary men could on their own organize a government and erect a body of law without direction from a monarch and unconstrained by the moral and bureaucratic framework of any particular religion. The creation of a viable body of law depended on ordinary men being able to find within themselves, individually, standards of right and wrong. They argued those standards among themselves, and then sought a common ground upon which to base the law which would shape their society. Specific rights were protected from abridgment by any laws that might be proposed. Among these rights were freedom of speech, of the press, and of assembly—rights which ensured free and open debate on how the country would be governed. Abortion was not one of these rights, nor was privacy an explicit right.

The weighing of right and wrong is the very definition of morality, and a secular morality will necessarily share some of the same words and concepts found in established religions. Of late, however, many claim that the use of moral terms violates the separation of church and state; they castigate those who find it necessary to frame certain questions in such terms as repressed, afraid of change, dangerously intent on oppressing others, etc., etc. Thus, in the view of pro-choicers like Martin I. Selling (and

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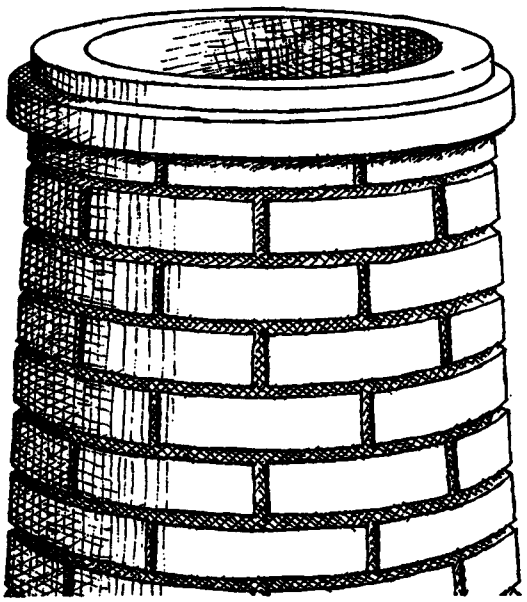

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I agree with Glen Davidson when he describes their position as one of "anti-morality"), abortion must be removed from the level of legislative debate entirely, for such a debate would entail discerning shades of right and wrong and acknowledging conflicts of responsibility.

Mr. Selling's very first sentence illustrates the practical impossibility of trying to ensure moral neutrality on the part of the law by protecting abortion as a constitutional right. In granting permission, *Roe* v. *Wade* does "pass judgment" on the morality and "application," to use Mr. Selling's terms, of abortion. For many people, particularly those who do not have strong religious convictions or ties to ethnic groups with enduring moral codes, the law is the basic standard of morality. As for "application," by prohibiting the regulation of abortion before fetal viability (except in the interest of the mother's health), *Roe* v. *Wade* has made abortion so easily available that it presents itself as the overwhelmingly simple and practical choice of many young women who find themselves pregnant by accident. Mr. Selling is right that we do not know how many illegal abortions took place each year before *Roe* v. *Wade*. But we do know that the number of legal abortions has been climbing, from fewer than 800,000 in 1974, according to the Centers for Disease Control, to approximately 1,600,000 a year today.

Mr. Selling goes on to say that I "claim" for *Roe* v. *Wade* extremely destructive consequences on the lowest economic levels. On the contrary, while I wrote that the effects of *Roe* v. *Wade* on women of childbearing age are direct and easy to illustrate, I was extremely careful to make clear that I intended only ". . . tentatively to suggest that *Roe* v. *Wade* gives approval, at the highest level of judgment in this country, to certain attitudes which, when manifest at the lowest economic levels, have extremely destructive consequences." I went on to define those attitudes as the weakening of the sense of duty toward one's own children, the viewing of this responsibility as a "choice," rather than a deep-rooted obligation, and the loss of respect for life, of the sense of awe at all the possibilities a life may hold.

Things *have* changed. Until now there was no time in living memory when it was common in our cities for one human being to kill another for a nifty jacket. Nor were women abandoned by the fathers of their children, and children abandoned by one or both parents, in the numbers that we see today. Basic rules of civilization seem to have been fractured. The question I asked was whether it might not be possible that traces of these attitudes are present at *all* economic levels in American today, manifesting themselves in different forms: cold-blooded mugging ending in murder and the abandonment of children at one end of the economic spectrum; cool, clinical rationalizations about the ending of pregnancy, which is the beginning of life, at the other end.

William A. Befort argues very reasonably that it is just not fair for women to be able to choose to opt out of parental responsibility through abortion while men cannot. His argument is a perfect illustration of the rationalization of these attitudes at the upper end of the economic spectrum. In answering the points he brings up, I agree that "as things stand at present" women do have more control over the decision to end a pregnancy, and thereby avoid all responsibility toward a child that continuing the pregnancy would bring. But I have two questions to raise about Mr. Befort's argument: what exactly does he mean when he writes that a "responsible" man might choose abortion because he "feels himself unequal" to the support of a child? If Mr. Befort has in mind a man who, for example, is already working at two jobs to support his wife and children, who does not know how he could possibly support another baby without taking necessities from his other children, then that man and his wife in considering abortion might be said to be acting responsibly. But if Mr. Befort has in mind a man capable of supporting a child through work and through the giving of his time and energy, but who does not want to make those sacrifices, who "feels himself unequal" to them, then that man does not deserve to be called responsible. Such a fellow who forthrightly declares his intentions not to care for the woman carrying his child or to support the child after birth may be *honest*, and honesty is a good thing, but he is not acting responsibly.

In closing, Mr. Befort suggests that "prospective fathers" be accorded "the same rights as prospective mothers to abortion or equivalent relief." Which raises my second question: what does "equivalent relief" mean? That little addendum seems to indicate a reluctance to allow a man to force a woman to end a pregnancy. Does he mean, then, that public money should be available to subsidize the care of the child he feels himself unequal to support? This is precisely what the federal government is engaged in trying to correct in welfare policy; Mr. Befort's suggestion would seem to extend the problem from poverty levels to the middle class and above. Unless, in the interest of parity, men were allowed unilaterally to decide to end a pregnancy. Fortunately we have not yet come to that pass in our evolution.

When I wrote that *Roe* v. *Wade* was a great victory for the women's movement I was referring to the movement since its revival in the 1960's. Haven Bradford Gow does a service to all by pointing out that early feminists of the women's-suffrage movement opposed abortion. Their reasons remain valid to this day.

I have never received such a refined rebuke as that from John D. Calhoun. The phrase I described as being delivered with a Southern twang was taken verbatim from a television newscast. But I should not have described the accent as a twang and I apologize to all who may have been offended.

Bruno Bettelheim

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Thank you for publishing "Who, Really, Was Bruno Bettelheim?" by Ronald Angres [October 1990]. During my early training, Bruno Bettelheim's writings, particularly *The Empty Fortress*, filled the shelves of college bookstores. I, like many others, read them voraciously and learned that parents were to blame for their children's severe behavioral, cognitive, and social impairments; savior-counselors, under the guidance of the all-knowing, all-powerful "master," alone could rescue them. Perhaps the appeal of this message lay in its utter simplicity unfettered by careful scientific observation.

As a young teacher in a pioneering day-treatment program for preschool children with serious disturbances in development, I soon

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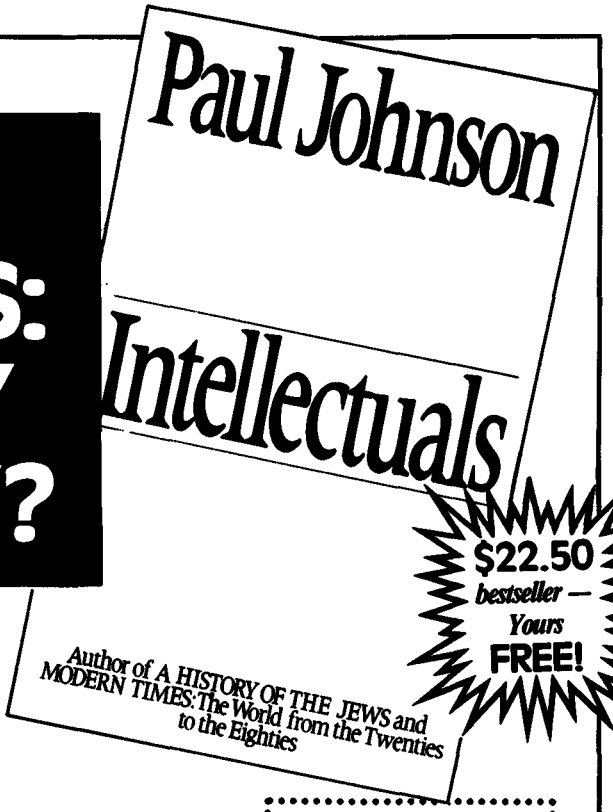

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learned that the concepts Bettelheim promulgated so widely and so powerfully were wrong, that they bore no resemblance to the reality before me. In the course of my own interaction with children and parents, I daily saw parents from all walks of life who nurtured and deeply cared for their children in need, parents who struggled to overcome enormous difficulties to help their children, parents whose dreams had been shattered, and who deserved respect and support as they began their long journey. . . .

Parents of children with a diagnosis of autism or other grave developmental disorders carried two burdens: first, the painful, heartbreaking uncertainty surrounding their children's future in the face of a catastrophic disability; and second, the misfortune of being the targets of a cruel blame-the-victim campaign. Bettelheim's warped "scientism" was the source of much despair, guilt, and fear. Eventually, a number of such parents banded together to counter this kind of punishment and abuse from within certain quarters of the professional community. Their purpose was to press for solid physiological and linguistic research and to fight for decent, humane programs for their children. Thus was born the National Society for Children and Adults With Autism.

Fortunately, the Bettelheim legacy is now heaving its final gasps, though as recently as the early 80's, I heard a condescending psychologist bluntly and coldly attack the distraught parents of a beloved toddler with a diagnosis of autism: "What did *you* do to cause your child to be like this?"

In the current psychiatric nomenclature, "autism" falls into the category of "pervasive developmental disorders." These are rare but devastating conditions. Strict phenomenological criteria are used to make such a crushing diagnosis—criteria which Bettelheim obviously ignored. (Autistic-like syndromes have been observed in children exposed to rubella *in utero*. Seventy-five percent of children diagnosed as "autistic" are also mentally retarded.)

The answer to Ronald Angres's question—who, really, was Bruno Bettelheim?—is that quackery is a well-known phenomenon. Bettelheim was a literate, sophisticated, dogmatic quack whose own internal drama overruled science, compassion, and the well-being of the children under his care. A pop culture colluded in creating a celebrity figure—the wise, mythical, grandfatherly child psychologist who never was.

PATRICIA T. LEFF, M.D.
Brooklyn, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . I am the father of an autistic young man, and a researcher in the field of autism. I have tracked Bruno Bettelheim's trail of destruction for more than thirty years. As Ronald Angres's article documents so well, Bettelheim was indeed cruel and arrogant to the children and teenagers entrusted to him. Beyond that, he was unspeakably cruel to the mothers of these children, personally and in print. Bettelheim took pleasure in verbal attacks on anyone not in a position to defend himself. One may add the following:

• His books claimed—without a shred of evidence—that mothers of autistic children had treated them as Nazi guards treated prisoners in concentration camps. The grief he caused these families is incalculable.

• Desperate parents who called Bettelheim asking to visit the school before attempting to enroll their children were told, "Stay away—you've done enough harm already." Many parents enrolled their children on faith, not having been allowed to enter the school beforehand.

• Parents of children who were enrolled in the school were not allowed to see or speak to their children for extended periods. Counselors were instructed to hang up on parents who phoned to inquire about their children.

• Parents and students who asked questions or spoke up in his lectures were bitterly attacked, and sometimes left in tears. . . .

My book, *Infantile Autism*, published in 1964, was largely devoted to correcting psychiatry's "blame-the-mother" stance of several decades, following the precepts of Bettelheim and his ilk. . . . Bettelheim tried to defend his views in his 1967 book, *The Empty Fortress*, but his dominance of the field of autism was already sundered. It is good to know that his evil influence is at last reaching public attention.

BERNARD RIMLAND
Director, Autism Research Institute
San Diego, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I was quite moved and excited to see the publication of Ronald Angres's article. For too long a time Bettelheim has been eulogized to the point of being canonized as a veritable saint of child psychiatry. In my capacity as a practicing psychiatrist with children and adolescents (for the last forty years or so), I first met and had discussions with Bettelheim when he visited the . . . Hawthorne-Cedar Knolls School in Hawthorne, New York, in the early 60's.

I found him to be a pompous, grandiose man who was much inclined to hypocrisy, even falsehood, but who was always flamboyant, theatrical, and quite entertaining. I shall never forget how Bettelheim, with all the assumed authority of a five-star general, devoted a three-hour period in which he was supposed to be discussing the "Residential Treatment of Delinquent Adolescents," to a lecture about how he would have conducted the Bay of Pigs invasion and ultimately toppled Fidel Castro. It is high time for the scientific community to dispel many of the myths surrounding Bruno Bettelheim. . . .

MELVIN B. GOODMAN, M.D.
Jacksonville, Texas

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . I can attest to the veracity of Ronald Angres's account of life at Bruno Bettelheim's Orthogenic School, having suffered ten years there myself. . . .

Bettelheim wrote in his books that he respected disturbed minds and children's privacy. But he always demeaned us, ordered staff to read and censor mail, and forced teenaged boys to undress in front of females. Mr. Angres's stories of being treated with disrespect from the day he first visited the school are not unique. On my first visit, Bettelheim laughed at me. He was fond of lines like, "You are unfit for human company." He subjected us to physical abuse for no good reason, dragging children by their hair and beating them for "crimes" such as complaining about a counselor or lacking appetite for his institutional food. While Bettelheim publicly said he admired children who skipped school, when I declined to attend class, he beat me up and dragged me to school without trying another tactic first.

As Mr. Angres says, Bettelheim got away with sins because the psychoanalytic community covered

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them up. To this group I would add the media. Publications and broadcasters loved to quote him as an "expert," since he could express an opinion on almost anything with a flip one-liner. The media swallowed unquestioningly Bettelheim's false claims of curing diseased minds. Many children I knew at the Orthogenic School, far from being "crazy," as Bettelheim called us, were merely social misfits or had behavior problems. . . . Others had learning disabilities or motor and neurological disorders that Bettelheim misdiagnosed as mental illness. Bettelheim took to extremes Freud's discredited notion that physical ailments had psychological causes. So people with maladies from allergies to menstrual cramps were denied needed medication.

It is too bad that no one listened to our cries when Bruno Bettelheim was alive.

CHARLES PEKOW
Bethesda, Maryland

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Many thanks to Ronald Angres for having the courage to come forward with his story. Many thanks also to COMMENTARY for having the courage to print the article. I was the person described in the article who was dragged out of the shower naked, and beaten in front of a roomful of people. We cannot put these memories behind us as long as abuses in the mental-health-care profession continue to exist all around us. The effort to end these abuses will succeed only when enough people come forward to tell their stories.

Mr. Angres was mislabeled as "autistic" when in fact he was merely awkward and had difficulty learning to read. Bettelheim was quick to label young people as "autistic," "psychotic," "suicidal," "homicidal," "paranoid," or "schizophrenic" on the basis of little or no real evidence. As a result, the Orthogenic School became a dumping ground for young people who should never have been in any institution. . . . To label everyone at the school "psychotic," as Bettelheim repeatedly called us, was a truly evil act. Great damage was done to young people who believed, and still believe, these labels.

The Orthogenic School staff went along with the labeling completely. The staff saw the world exactly the way Bettelheim told them to see it. As a condition of working at the Orthogenic School,

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staff members had to abdicate their consciences and their own powers of observation in favor of Bettelheim's bankrupt ideology. The staff regarded Bettelheim as God, and many of them still do. . . . During the entire time I was there, staff members related to me only as the "psychotic" Bettelheim claimed me to be, and never as the human being I was. This rendered worthless all of the interactions I had with staff members of the Orthogenic School.

How did Bettelheim escape scrutiny during his lifetime? He claimed to be helping children who would be considered hopelessly untreatable anywhere else. This allowed him to drape himself and his staff in the mantle of sainthood, so that no one would question what he was doing. Bettelheim also used the fact that he was a concentration-camp survivor to give himself an aura of wisdom and martyrdom. Finally, Bettelheim intimidated his colleagues, his students, and the public with his vicious temper, though he himself labeled others who acted that way as "crazy." Bettelheim got away with it because people somehow believed that his vile, pointless, and totally unpredictable outbursts were simply another facet of his supposed "genius." . . .

ALIDA M. JATICH
Chicago, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . I was among the Orthogenic School disenfranchised from 1967 to 1974. I was beaten only once (for trying to have some privacy), and I will never forget it, largely because it is the only time in my life I have ever been hit. I fought back just as viciously as I was attacked, and screamed for help, though none was forthcoming. An entire dormitory full of girls and a counselor sat and listened (the fight took place in the bathroom), and I was mortified that no one tried to help me. After that, Bettelheim's assaults on me were always verbal. However, I did witness many dozens of beatings of other children, although I rarely knew what triggered them.

In current debates on radio and in the press, ex-staffers claim not to remember any physical assaults at the school. I was at a loss to understand this until a friend of mine, a mental-health professional herself, made an important point, namely, that professionals today are required to report to authorities even the slightest suspicion of child abuse, let alone anything as blatant as what Bettelheim committed. Many of these ex-staffers could possibly face criminal charges, and those who are now practicing professionals (as many are) could lose their licenses, or at least many of their clients.

It is interesting to note that only ex-staffers—and not ex-"kids"—have attempted to refute these recent charges. Ex-kids have argued about certain points and disagreed on the efficacy of the Orthogenic School as a whole, but not one has said, "These statements are untrue." . . .

It has been extremely difficult for us ex-Orthogenic School kids to come forward about this, to bare our souls and reveal a truth that has shamed and terrorized us for decades. For the most part, our families are as angry and confused as we are. Many of us tried to tell our families what was going on from the start, but no one was listening. After all, an eminent psychologist had said we were crazy—whom could we expect to believe us? Now people are beginning to listen, and our collective voice is getting stronger. . . .

Finally, I think it is interesting to note that both Bettelheim and one of the consulting psychiatrists who worked at the Orthogenic School committed suicide. Are these the people who were supposed to be helping suicidal kids? . . . The truth is, the lunatics were running the asylum, and while many had the best of motives, they were mesmerized by a charismatic leader who was encircled by a loyal group of followers. We, the victims, are now left to piece together the shambles made of our psyches by the ones who were supposed to be helping us.

ROBERTA C. REDFORD
Amelia, Ohio

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I never went to the Orthogenic School, but I was taught Bruno Bettelheim's ideas in my childhood, adolescence, and young adult years and they had the same effect on me as they did on Ronald Angres.

I am the child of a chronic paranoid schizophrenic, and grew up in an abusive home. I was a badly bullied outcast in a brutal grade school. . . .

I was sent to a therapist at age eight and a half and learned soon after that I had been diagnosed as "emotionally disturbed." I was taught a psychotherapeutic explanation for everything. Much of what I was taught, and certainly the really destructive stuff, derived from Bettelheim. . . . No mentally-ill person had the right to develop competence or a moral character, or make his own decisions, or believe in anything (like religion, for example) until he was "cured," since nothing good is possible without "mental health."

I thought that anything I accomplished was just a "defense mechanism" that would someday have to be torn down in therapy, so it was useless and wrong to accomplish it. I became almost paralyzed with fear by the time I was twenty, afraid to do *anything*, because it was just an expression of sickness, evil, or prejudice. . . .

What I was taught became a second conscience, a kind of anti-conscience made up of virtual moral inversions. Good was more evil than evil itself for someone like me (so I was taught) because it was simply "grandiosity," a disguise for evil. . . .

MARY G. WILLIAMS
Alexandria, Louisiana

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The article by Ronald Angres affected me like a fist in the face. . . . How was it possible for a Jewish publication to stoop so low as to support latent anti-Semitism, as expressed by a . . . young man giving vent to his Oedipal attachment to Bruno Bettelheim? I can forgive the writer of the article, but I will never understand the decision of the editors to open their pages to this confused young man. . . .

Bruno Bettelheim in his works in print remains one of the giants of this century. What has been considered suicide was nothing but a delayed reaction to his experiences in Dachau and Mauthausen.

FREDERICK C. KRAMER
Wilmette, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In response to "Who, Really, Was Bruno Bettelheim?" by Ronald Angres, I feel compelled to express my astonishment that this article was printed without comment or rebuttal. That Bruno Bettelheim was a controversial and powerful figure is well known, and the pros and cons of his personality have been aired in the press in the

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months since his suicide. It is also well known that all of us distort our past and remember selectively. The accounts we give of our life history and experiences are not objective fact, but represent how we experience that past. Ronald Angres's version of Bruno Bettelheim is just that—his version of selectively remembered events, colored by his anger at his father, so clearly expressed in his article.

My quarrel is not with Mr. Angres. He expresses what was true for him, describes events as he remembers them. Printing his article in the fashion in which it did, COMMENTARY seems to imply that this version is the truth about Bettelheim. My experience of Bruno Bettelheim and the Orthogenic School, as counselor in the early 50's, is that he was relentless in his pursuit of providing the children with a therapeutic milieu, and that the school, unlike most institutions, was run for the benefit of the patients rather than the convenience of the staff. Without hiding behind professional jargon, in plain English, accented though it was, Bettelheim forced the staff to confront their own humanity honestly, in their attempts to understand and alleviate the children's pain and turmoil.

It is indeed unfortunate that COMMENTARY should contribute to the destruction of the reputation and work of a man who, though he admittedly had many flaws, devoted much of his life to the amelioration of human suffering and succeeded where many did not.

LISA COHEN

Evanston, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Ronald Angres's article on Bruno Bettelheim rings with all the truth and poignancy of a made-for-TV movie.

A young lad with nothing wrong with him except a slight speech defect and a few odd mannerisms is thrust into the hands of a psychiatric beast named Bruno who manages to dupe the entire world into believing that his methods of treating disturbed children are not only valid but revolutionary.

For twelve years (count 'em, twelve!), poor Ronnie is subjected to the most abject cruelty, undergoing numerous physical beatings as well as unending verbal and psychological torture. He pleads with his parents, his friends, his brothers and sisters, but everyone is so mesmerized by Bruno that none will come to poor Ronnie's rescue.

And now the twist ending: physically bruised, emotionally scarred, and psychologically devastated, poor Ronnie somehow manages to overcome the terrible damage inflicted by big, bad Bruno. Poor Ronnie goes to high school; poor Ronnie goes to college; poor Ronnie becomes a graduate student in international affairs at George Washington University; poor Ronnie writes with great clarity, passion, and skill. . . .

Poor Ronnie! Bad Bruno!

NEAL MEDNICK

Toronto, Ontario, Canada

RONALD ANGRES writes:

Neal Mednick's letter sounds just like the "heads we win, tails you lose" talk that Bruno Bettelheim and his staff used on us at the Orthogenic School. Anything that I suffered reflected badly on *me*, while anything that I accomplished, and everything that I might ever accomplish, reflected well on *them*.

Mr. Mednick implies that achievements such as my article prove that Bettelheim "cured" me, but the truth is, Bettelheim would have called such an article a "symptom" of illness. Thus, at age seven (as I have since learned from consulting my school file), my overintellectuality (preoccupation with "abstract discussions regarding goodness and the existence of God") combined with physical clumsiness and social obtuseness proved to him that my mind and body did not mesh. On this basis, he diagnosed me as having no "self" or "ego."

If Mr. Mednick thinks I owe to Bettelheim's wise protection the fact that I am working on my master's degree twenty years later and can finally write in a lucid style, then I cannot convince him otherwise, though I should point out to him that the Orthogenic School did not allow me to do any homework from ages seven to nineteen, and that I did not in fact go to high school. Further, Bettelheim argued that I should stay at the school until my twenties, as others had—because he wanted to remove me and all his students from academic competition for as long as possible.

Lisa Cohen undermines her own testimony that Bettelheim used "plain English" by not using it herself. She does not even recognize that such phrases as confronting one's "own humanity honestly" represent the patois of a particular subculture. Furthermore, she does not even make clear whether she denies that Bettelheim acted in the way that I and so many others have described or whether she merely feels that I put his beatings and tirades in an unfair light.

All those who have published exposés of Bettelheim in recent months have received rebuttals from former members of his staff. (Indeed, Miss Cohen, along with more than a dozen other ex-staff members of the Orthogenic School, was among the co-signers of an all-purpose pro-Bettelheim letter sent to several other publications.) Virtually all these letters share the vagueness of the letter printed above. None disputes facts. Apparently all these former members of a staff that lectured us on "reality" as if they had an exclusive franchise on it, now condescendingly insist that reality is all a matter of perspective. Only when pressed by interviewers do at least some of the co-signers explicitly deny the charges.

Roberta C. Redford suggests that such people deny what they saw in order to protect themselves because they fear that any such admission could threaten them legally or professionally. I consider this explanation plausible, especially since many of the staff not only witnessed Bettelheim hitting us, but actively threatened us with his rages, encouraged him to hit us, and sometimes hit us themselves. Another possible explanation was given by Richard Kaufman, a psychiatrist in the Chicago area who was employed for a year at the Orthogenic School and who was quoted in an article that appeared in the Chicago *Tribune* of November 11, 1990.

In Dr. Kaufman's words: "It's said that seeing is believing. But when you are around a charismatic personality like Bettelheim, the reverse is true: believing in him is seeing." The *Tribune* article also contains many other quotations from Dr. Kaufman and others who trained under Bettelheim which describe his enormities as though they were mere blemishes—taking me back to the eerie world of Bettelheim's disciples which I remember so well.

I do not know whether the power of this discipleship affects the memory of those who actually

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worked at the school like Miss Cohen. However, the disciples' attitude did make Bettelheim's actual interactions with us seem unimportant: he proved his compassion toward us by haranguing *them* on our behalf. That is, we existed as figures in a private drama between him and them—a drama that demanded that we come to the school in "pain and turmoil" which they could then "alleviate." And they did not have to fear any of us telling them otherwise, for as the Chicago *Tribune* article pointed out:

> By Bettleheim's therapeutic rules, children were supposed to share all their feelings and thoughts with their counselors. But the school also labeled some feelings and thoughts good, or "orthogenic" in the institution's jargon, and others bad or "unorthogenic." Given Bettelheim's quick hands and sharp tongue, his patients knew the consequences should they let slip an "unorthogenic" idea.

The staff, apparently, was too busy to notice. In any case, they, too, according to the Chicago *Tribune*, had to submit to the same kind of orthogenic "therapy" that they inflicted upon us. Senior counselors regularly lay on Bettelheim's couch to be analyzed, and he shared the results with the rest of the staff. According to Bertram Cohler, Bettelheim's immediate successor, such practices intensified in his later years (the 1960's) as "Dr. B. lost interest in the kids and focused on the staff," after which the place "got markedly crazier."

Miss Redford raises the question of "the lunatics . . . running the asylum" and asks how suicidal adults can possibly help suicidal children. I would add an even more widespread and destructive defect: the staff was constantly either lying or perhaps failing to perceive things, especially about Bettelheim's behavior and policies, that were obvious to us or to any child. In sum, if we saw that the "emperor had no clothes," this was a symptom of our sickness.

This disparity, together with their practice of berating and punishing us for Freudian slips of thought, word, or deed ("we always know what you're thinking" and "there are no accidents"), constantly forced us to choose between what we saw and what they said. Freudianism, scientific or not, resembles modern physics in that the world we see does not look anything like the one being described. Physicists, however, do not harangue children and label them crazy if the latter draw conclusions from the evidence of their own eyes rather than from the theories of their elders.

Thus, like Mary G. Williams, I too grew up with what she calls a "second conscience," in which everything noble is called "grandiose"; in which goodness is divorced from any notion of nobility; where truth and falsehood are a matter of indifference.

The Orthogenic School staff created a system pervaded by lies and bullying and then told us it was reality. They said that we lived in a world of our own, while we saw that they all lived in Bettelheim's private world. Thus, they subjected us to a combination of cognitive dissonance and emotional abuse—all the while calling *us* crazy.

Even now, Miss Cohen repeats the Orthogenic line when she dismisses my complaints about Bettelheim as being really about my father. Freudians typically blame any dissatisfactions their patients express toward them on some earlier conflict with parents, and perhaps the claim does have some plausibility with respect to psychoanalysts, since they do not have much active influence over the lives of their patients. The Orthogenic School, however, cannot make such a claim. After the age of seven I grew up not as anyone's son but as a mental patient at a boarding school for emotionally disturbed children (or, as Bettelheim constantly put it to us, a "nut in a booby hatch").

Thus Miss Cohen has it backward: it was my experience with Bettelheim that "colored" my attitude toward my father and not the other way around. I spent only seven years with my parents, while I spent twelve years under Bettelheim—twelve years under stricter control even at the end of this period than I or most six-year-olds had known before I entered the school. Bettelheim and the staff of the Orthogenic School denigrated parents (ours in particular, but all parents in general). After all, only non-parents could raise us with such pure motives as "the amelioration of human suffering"; only "savior-counselors," under an "all-knowing, all-powerful 'master'" as Patricia T. Leff succinctly puts it in her letter, could save us from our parents.

In reply to Frederick C. Kramer's letter, I do not believe it is proper to defend individuals or causes that have nothing to do with either the Jewish people or the Jewish religion by raising the specter of anti-Semitism. Mr. Kramer's charge is all the more preposterous in light of Bettelheim's professed dislike of all religions. As I mentioned in my article, he did not allow us to attend either church or synagogue services, and considered Christianity, if not exactly better, then at least a theological advance over Judaism, which he called "the religion of a desert people."

Melvin B. Goodman's letter brought back memories of Bettelheim holding forth to us pompously on all subjects, including those (such as military ones) about which he often knew obviously less than others in the room.

But then, Bettelheim based his whole career on claiming dubious authority, as my article indicated. Since then, other investigators have established that his credentials were even more chimerical. Bettelheim never received psychoanalytic training, never joined any psychoanalytic association, never even seems to have attended meetings of Freud's circle. When the University of Chicago offered him the directorship of the Orthogenic School, it did not have—and *still* does not have—proof that he received any Ph.D. degree, much less one in psychology.

The scandal of Bettelheim's career lies in his exploitation of shoddy standards. Bettelheim found that while parents will often pay exorbitant amounts to those who will work with children, academic and professional colleagues hardly ever check up on them and do not hold them to rigorous standards. After a scandal had dislodged his predecessor, Bettelheim received the directorship of the Orthogenic School, together with a position on the education faculty of the University of Chicago. Both posts would have required more scrutiny if they had affected adults rather than children. Only years (of tireless self-promotion) later did the university's psychology department allow him to teach courses in its curriculum.

I am grateful for all the supportive letters, and wish I had the space to comment on them one by one.

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Funding for AIDS

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In "Are We Spending Too Much on AIDS?" [October 1990], Michael Fumento misses a crucial distinction. AIDS differs from cancer or TB inasmuch as it is a *new* disease; cancer and TB have been with us for centuries. The allocation of resources Mr. Fumento deplores was decided when the cost and trajectory of AIDS were unforeseeable. Planners knew only that AIDS was—as it remains—incurable and fatal. Although, within the United States, it was afflicting only certain groups, elsewhere it was ravaging whole populations.

Considerable doubt reigned—and some persists—as to the modes and risks of contagion. Clearly AIDS is transmitted during sex, an activity in which many of us are likely to engage. Although the government often squanders money, it would under the circumstances have been uncommonly short-sighted to stint on funding for research.

Funding remains necessary. Because, as Mr. Fumento acknowledges, AIDS (unlike cancer) can largely be prevented by modified behavior, it makes sense to inform the vulnerable. Since teenagers (especially disadvantaged ones) are more likely than their elders to be promiscuous, they are the obvious target of this effort.

Mr. Fumento's examples of wasteful spending, while lamentable, are hardly as egregious as boondoggles in defense or the savings-and-loan industry. No one would dispute that government should be induced to spend more *carefully*, but that is a separate question, of process, not principle.

Mr. Fumento raises another issue. He seems to suggest that because AIDS is not a sufficiently grave problem within our borders, we should not exert ourselves unduly to discover a cure and/or vaccine. But the health of human beings is a matter of international concern. Surely it is beyond argument that the extraordinary medical and scientific expertise of the United States should be available to all humanity (obviously I am referring to prevention and cure, not to CAT scans), and particularly to poorer peoples tormented by illnesses they cannot prevent or treat. The United States still has a role to play in improving the lot of underdeveloped nations. Research into diseases such as AIDS is the least controversial and most humane way to play it.

MARK SHAPIRO
Englewood, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Michael Fumento clearly blames those who have pressured the government to spend more money on AIDS research. He says they have forgotten about cancer and heart disease and practically accuses them of criminal negligence in their singleminded pursuit of a cure for AIDS. But Mr. Fumento is pretty singleminded himself. He has his own agenda and conveniently leaves out anything that does not forward his own cause. He writes, "modification of . . . behavior could in theory reduce future AIDS cases virtually to zero." Mr. Fumento does not connect the drop in estimates of AIDS patients that he reports to the millions of dollars that have been spent on AIDS education. If he did, he would be forced to admit that money spent on AIDS education over the past few years is among the best spent money in the history of the Public Health Service.

Mr. Fumento makes the point that cancer and heart disease kill many more people than AIDS. But while he makes it quite clear that AIDS is related to life-style, he does not balance the scales by mentioning the small fact that the major cause of both these diseases is smoking. It is unfair directly to compare research costs across various diseases. Research in cancer and heart disease has been going on for most of the century, while AIDS research did not begin until a few years ago. As in business, there are much higher start-up costs involved.

One last detail for Mr. Fumento to ponder when conducting his next AIDS research cost-benefit-opportunity-lost analysis: should we consider AIDS in the rest of the world, or should we, in the United States, worry only about taking care of ourselves?

DAVID BORNSTEIN
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Michael Fumento wants a "compassionate society [to] allocate funds and research . . . where they can do the most good for the greatest number of people."

Like those with AIDS, the greatest number of people have self-induced diseases. Secretary of Health and Human Services Louis W. Sullivan recently wrote,

> It cannot be overemphasized that the top ten causes of premature death in our nation are significantly influenced by personal behavior and lifestyle choices. . . . Better control of fewer than ten risk factors—such as poor diet, lack of prenatal care, infrequent exercise, the use of tobacco, alcohol, and other drug abuse, and failure to use seat belts—could prevent between 40 percent and 70 percent of all premature deaths, a third of all cases of acute disability, and two-thirds of all cases of chronic disability.

Mr. Fumento mentions cervical cancer as a worthy object of expenditure. Cervical cancer appears to be a sexually-transmitted disease caused by a virus. Virgins don't get it. Risk factors are early age at first intercourse, sex with many partners, and sex with uncircumcised men. All these factors are subject to behavioral control, including, one would expect, the consistent use of condoms.

Why should those who assume such risks expect society to bail them out when they get sick or injured? Wouldn't it be fairer to restrict scarce research funds to some of the other illnesses Mr. Fumento mentions, like Alzheimer's and breast cancer, which are not self-induced? Or to others in that category, like leukemia, rheumatoid arthritis, multiple sclerosis, glaucoma, juvenile diabetes? And the list goes on.

ROBERT CARLEN, M.D.
Sayville, New York

MICHAEL FUMENTO writes:

Both Mark Shapiro and David Bornstein advocate higher funding for AIDS on the basis of its being a newer disease. Mr. Bornstein cites the factor of start-up costs as in a business, while Mr. Shapiro leaves his observation as *res ipsa loquitur*. But what if there were a new disease found that resulted in, say, a large increase in bunions in the general population? Should this bunion pathogen suddenly jump onto the top of the research heap simply because it is new? Clearly, looking at the *impact* of a disease—severity, numbers of victims, costs to society—is the only rational way of allocating funds. The analogy to a business is a false one, for businesses have to purchase equipment, inventory, land, buildings, licenses,

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etc. But as I pointed out in my article, AIDS research has essentially just taken over from other areas of research—much to the detriment of the victims of those diseases.

Mr. Shapiro is wrong about teenagers: they have *lower* levels of AIDS cases and infections per capita than any other sexually active risk group because, as my book *The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS* points out, the main risk factor for heterosexual acquisition of AIDS is not promiscuity but contact with intravenous drug abusers. Heterosexual teenagers appear to have relatively little such contact.

Mr. Shapiro is also wrong when he says that "no one would dispute that government should be induced to spend more *carefully*. . . ." A new book, *The AIDS Disaster*, argues that waste in AIDS spending should be completely ignored in the name of the greater cause, and in any case this is exactly what has happened. The reporters who are busily filing story number 10,387 on Pentagon or S & L waste simply refuse to go after the thorny question of AIDS spending.

I did not connect the drop in the estimates of AIDS patients to AIDS education because there is no connection. As I documented in my book, new HIV infections in cities around the country peaked and declined several years before the federal government or any other public body spent a penny on AIDS education.

AIDS infection is related almost *exclusively* to life-style. While smokers greatly increase their risk of heart disease and cancer, the statement that the major *cause* of heart disease and cancer is smoking is unsubstantiated.

Finally, as to the rest of the world, my arguments are much the same. Do Messrs. Shapiro and Bornstein think that a cure for AIDS found in the U.S. will benefit the rest of the world but treatments for cancer, heart disease, diabetes, and Alzheimer's won't? By robbing these illnesses of funds and researchers, we hurt not only Americans but people of every nation. The U.S. does have an obligation to the world, and part of that obligation is to allocate our researchers—the world's finest—on an equitable basis and without regard to squeaky wheels.

The problem with Robert Carlen's suggestion is evident in his letter. More and more, diseases are being linked to behaviors of some sort, but at the same time it is rarely the case that these illnesses occur only in the presence of specific behaviors. That is, there is a clear link between smoking and lung and heart disease, but no one can say whether a person with lung cancer or a diseased heart might not have developed the disease anyway. Cervical cancer is an example of this. Yes, the papilloma virus which causes genital warts has been linked to this type of cancer and promiscuous women are likely to get these warts. But most cervical cancers appear to occur in the absence of papilloma and the only reason no virgins (or very few) get cervical cancer is that by the time one reaches the age where these cancers are occurring, there are almost no virgins left.

One cause of death and injury that *is* always linked to specific behavior is automobile accidents. Would Dr. Carlen therefore suggest that we should conduct no research on how to prevent automobile accidents?

Yiddish in the USSR

To the Editor of Commentary:

Although I have already written one letter concerning David G. Roskies's article, "'There Go Our Little Jews'" [April 1990], I feel it necessary to make some further remarks on the sinister exchange of attacks between Mr. Roskies and Bernard Choseed in your November 1990 issue [Letters from Readers]. As one who is deeply involved in several activities dealing with the problem of the survival of Yiddish in the Soviet Union (I am an editor of *Yungvald* magazine, a student of Shimon Sander, the author of *Yiddish Self-Taught*, and am also active in a joint Soviet-American educational and archival project), I see the problem being discussed in a different light. Unfortunately, both Mr. Choseed and Mr. Roskies are wrong in their treatment—the one fervently defending, the other fervently accusing—of the Communist Yiddish cultural model in the Soviet Union, simply because that model has already ceased to exist. Mr. Choseed's advocacy of Birobidzhan cannot help to restore even that level of Jewish culture which existed there until 1948, and in any case it is clear now that Birobidzhan as a Jewish Autonomous Region is doomed due to the present wave of emigration. Nor is Mr. Roskies right in his completely derogatory evaluation of Birobidzhan as a Potemkin village. Such a judgment is incorrect in light of the culture that did exist there until it was cruelly exterminated by Stalin in 1948 (almost all Jewish activists were imprisoned, books were burned, schools closed down, etc.).

I was really troubled by this harsh polemic, the more so insofar as both writers could be of practical help in attempts to keep what remains of Yiddish culture in the USSR alive. I think few languages have suffered as much as Yiddish has in our century from the destructive power of ideologies: Fascism denied Yiddish speakers the right to live, Communism first deprived Yiddish of Jewish content and then condemned it to death. And even Zionism (not to compare it to the other two) was not too favorable to Yiddish. I cannot understand why we need to continue this old struggle now, a struggle which could be fatal for Yiddish. I think that only the de-ideologization of Yiddish and tolerant cooperation on the part of all its adherents (not least among them Mr. Choseed and Mr. Roskies) can prolong its life and help it to die with dignity when the time comes. . . .

Michael Krutikov
Moscow, USSR

David G. Roskies writes:

Soviet-Yiddish orthography was designed to cut Soviet Jews off from their religious heritage and from anything published in Yiddish west of the Soviet border. Birobidzhan was designed to derail and subvert all Jewish national aspirations. The postwar Soviet press, publishing industry, and academic establishment did everything they could to erase all memory of the Holocaust and thus rob the Jews even of the right to mourn. Soviet Jews who wish to begin again are faced with a legacy of moral abomination. Should they lay ideology aside and let bygones be bygones in order to give their language a proper burial, they would be the only oppressed nationality in the USSR to do so.

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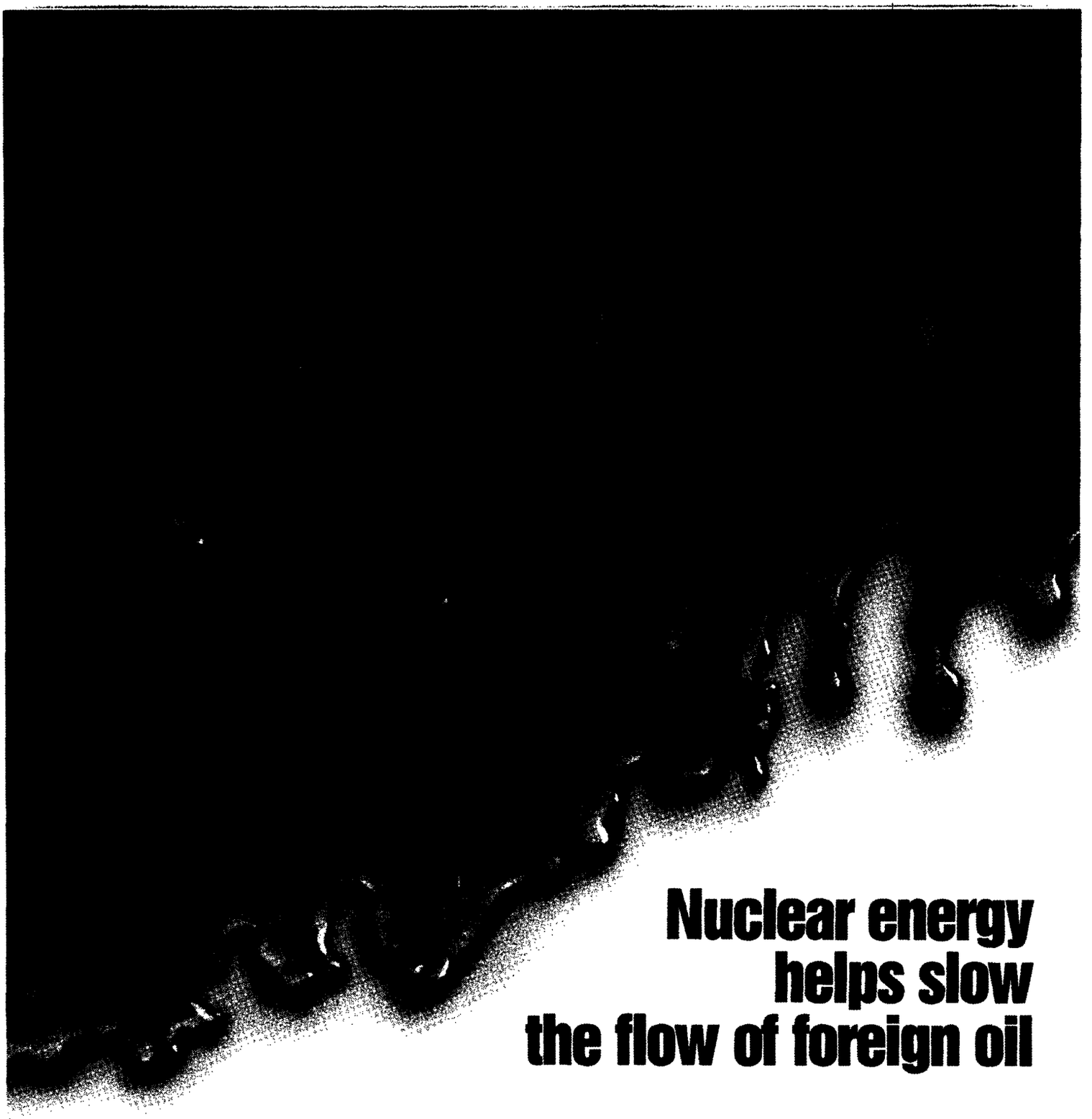

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"60 Minutes" & the Temple Mount

(including exchanges with Mike Wallace & CBS)

David Bar-Illan

The following represents a compilation of three pieces by David Bar-Illan which originally appeared (in slightly different form) in November and December of last year in the Jerusalem Post, *together with a Postscript which appears here for the first time.* DAVID BAR-ILLAN *is Editorials Editor of the* Post; *his previous contributions to* COMMENTARY *include "Israel, the Hostages, and the Networks" (September 1985).*

November 23, 1990

"YOU and your friends won't like what you'll see on my program in a couple of weeks," said Mike Wallace to an American acquaintance in Jerusalem the other day, talking about the forthcoming CBS-TV *60 Minutes* program on the Temple Mount riot. Wallace is, of course, one of American television's most enduring celebrities, and *60 Minutes*, the documentary-style weekly newsmagazine program of which he is the star, has been one of the most popular television entertainment shows for years.

Familiar with Wallace's biases, the American visitor would have gone into catatonic shock had a Wallace program—especially one produced in Jerusalem—been anything but a hatchet job in which Israel was the unregenerate villain.

Wallace is different from run-of-the-mill Israel-bashers. The anti-Israel bias of most reporters is part of a media trendiness which began soon after the Six-Day War (not, as many would like to believe, with the Lebanon war or the *intifada*) and seems to be driven by a pseudo-idealistic compulsion to be on the side of the underdog—a role Israel relinquished by winning in 1967.

Most of these reporters do not see the Palestinian movement as an avant-garde of an Arab world bent on Israel's destruction, or as part of an Islamic movement of Khomeinist ferocity, but as an uprising of the downtrodden against a "foreign occupation." Yet while they side with the Palestinians against Israel, many of them tend simultaneously—and ostentatiously—to support the Soviet Jewry movement and to inveigh passionately against anti-Semitism.

Not so Mike Wallace. Like many professed liberals, he seems so awed by dictators that he often acts as a public-relations huckster for strongmen. It may, of course, be simply a matter of expediency. Reporters curry favor with totalitarians in order to have access to their countries and receive preferential treatment over the competition. That is what happened in Beirut in 1982. Western correspondents knew that their sources of information—if not their lives—depended on their being nice to the PLO.*

In Wallace's case, however, kowtowing to tyrants has become a trademark. When he first went to Syria in 1975, he missed no opportunity to lionize Syria's "cool, strong, austere, and independent" leader, Hafez al-Assad, whose "unrelenting aim is to retrieve the rich farmland of the Golan *taken* from him by the Israelis" (emphasis added).

Wallace also gave a clean bill of health to Assad's treatment of Syria's 4,500 Jews, a passport to respectability Syria's representatives use even now, fifteen years later, at the UN. He was particularly delighted to show that the Jews of Syria—though suffering from some travel restrictions—were quick to declare on camera that if they could only join the Syrian army they would be eager to fight against Israel.

Wallace produced this program soon after a Jewish woman, Lili Abadi, and her two small children were murdered and dismembered in Damascus following the reading of an anti-Jewish tract in a mosque. As every child knew, any Jew expressing anything but adoration for the Assad regime would have been risking his own and his family's life. A very similar interview, in which an Iraqi Jew praised Saddam Hussein and blamed

* For documentation, see Kenneth R. Timmerman, "How the PLO Terrorized Journalists in Beirut," COMMENTARY, January 1988.

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Israel for all evil on earth, was recently shown on television screens throughout the world. Not having Mike Wallace around, the Iraqi propaganda ministry had to produce this one all by itself.

An analogous situation on a much grander scale enticed Wallace to the Soviet Union. From 1980 on, Leonid Brezhnev claimed that no Jews wanted to leave the Soviet Union. But pesky Jewish organizations in New York and that intolerably intransigent government in Israel kept insisting that 400,000 of them, risking jobs, jail, and family safety, had applied for visas to Israel. Again Wallace knew whom to believe: standing in front of the Kremlin, he announced, with an arrogance only celebrated TV know-nothings can muster, that all the Jews who wanted to leave the Soviet Union had done so and the rest were getting along just fine.

Then came the turn of the American Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC). In a program whose tone was egregious even for him, Wallace portrayed the "Jewish lobby" as an insidious, all-powerful, multiheaded Washington Svengali manipulating the U.S. Congress and administration. Any Congressman who voted against arms sales to Arab countries, implied Wallace, had been bought by Jewish money. The only difference between that program and the neo-Nazi tracts which accuse "the Jews" of controlling Washington, Wall Street, and everything else was that Wallace did not blame the Jews for controlling the media. He knows better.

In 1989 Wallace interviewed Yasir Arafat, treating him with the kind of deference the media reserve nowadays only for Saddam Hussein. Had he treated American—let alone Israeli—politicians this way, he would have been drummed out of the profession. The toughest question he could come up with was what Arafat thought of Israeli leaders David Ben-Gurion and Yitzhak Shamir. Not surprisingly, Arafat, who could not have had a better straight man if he had paid for one, came across as a reasonable man dedicated to peace and justice.

Israel will survive Wallace's desperate efforts to prove that Jews—whether in the USSR, Syria, Washington, or Israel—are not his favorite people. But one wonders what other business would continue to celebrate a "professional" whose observations have been proven as totally wrong as Wallace's. And one wonders, too, how many lives have been put in jeopardy because Mike Wallace and his colleagues instilled in the hearts of millions a faith in the truth of totalitarians.

December 7, 1990

One of the numerous reasons television cannot be considered a news medium is that it does not permit legitimate rebuttal. It is unthinkable, for instance, that CBS-TV would screen a highly professional, Jerusalem-made documentary on the Temple Mount riot to refute the exercise in disinformation on the subject aired by *60 Minutes* on December 2, 1990.

Only the printed press is expected to allow rebuttals, at least in the form of letters to the editor. I believe a legitimate answer deserves to be published with the same prominence as the original charge. Hence the following letter by Mike Wallace, sent in response to my piece on him:

To the Jerusalem *Post*:

I'd be a fool not to respond to David Bar-Illan's contemptible, biased, and inaccurate attack on me in . . . the Jerusalem *Post* of November 23.

Not that he lacks the license to criticize me; a reporter who broadcasts on controversial issues fully understands that criticism comes with the territory. It is Mr. Bar-Illan's tone and especially his statement that "lives have been put in jeopardy" because of my reportage and that of my colleagues, that stirs my contempt for him. Seldom have I read a piece more filled with tendentious and frothing invective than Mr. Bar-Illan's.

He says, in a wildly inaccurate statement, that I "gave a clean bill of health to [Hafez al-] Assad's treatment of Syria's 4,500 Jews." Let me quote from my 1975 piece:

> It is perfectly apparent that the Syrian Jewish community is kept under close surveillance. . . . Jews cannot emigrate, they cannot leave the country temporarily, except for emergencies, and then only with great difficulty. They must carry cards which identify them as Jews. They must notify the authorities when they travel inside Syria. . . .

And finally, I quoted a non-Jewish Syrian friend as telling me: "Life for Jews here is no paradise, but it's not much better for us."

Let's move to my reportage of Yasir Arafat. In 1979 in Beirut, we had the following exchange:

> *Wallace:* Tell me something. We hear that there are Palestinians fighting alongside President Idi Amin in Uganda. Is that true?
>
> *Arafat:* For training mission. It is a training mission, and not more. It was from five years till now we have this mission.
>
> *W:* Why, if you are—have such a feeling for human rights, why would you have a Palestinian training mission with Idi Amin?
>
> *A:* It is a—it's a fi—it is to help him for training his—his army.
>
> *W:* The butcher Amin you help, and you talk about human rights?
>
> *A:* I am not helping him as—only helping. . . .
>
> *W:* You are helping to train his people. You—you admit it.
>
> *A:* I am helping the—the—the Ugandan people. Idi Amin is not interfering in any other country.
>
> *W:* Is he a man you respect, admire?
>
> *A:* At least he is beside the Palestinians.
>
> *W:* So, you'll take help from wherever it comes?

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A: He—he is not aggressor—aggressive?
W: He is not aggressive against his own people?
A: Against the Palestinians.
W: You are proud of your relationship with Idi Amin?
A: Yes.

On the subject of the American Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC), Mr. Bar-Illan says I implied—not "charged," but "implied"—that "Any Congressman who voted against arms sales to Arab countries had been bought by Jewish money." He then goes on to liken me to a neo-Nazi. All this because *60 Minutes* reported accurately and dispassionately that AIPAC supports candidates for Congress who are sympathetic to Israel and tries to defeat those who they think are not. The close of our AIPAC piece in 1988 said this:

> This past week, three major Jewish organizations took issue with AIPAC. The leaders of the American Jewish Committee, the American Jewish Congress, and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith asserted in a letter to the president of AIPAC that "AIPAC does not speak for the consensus of the organized Jewish community."

On *60 Minutes*, which is in its 23rd year on CBS and remains far and away the most watched and among the respected news series on American television, we pride ourselves that we cannot be tabbed as liberal or conservative, pro- or anti- any country.

Let me set something straight for those doubters who have from time to time ascribed what they label my "biased reporting" on Israel to their perception of me as "a self-hating Jew." I am proud of my heritage and I practice my Judaism in a personal and private manner. I am as committed to Israel's integrity and safety as any Zionist. I come from a family of Zionists and have made my own contributions over many years to various Israeli projects and causes, none of them political. That, of course, has nothing to do with my reportage.

[signed] MIKE WALLACE

UNFORTUNATELY, Wallace's letter reinforces every charge I made against him, not least because he evades two of my main accusations.

Unable to rebut my imputation that he acted like a public-relations agent for Arafat in a 1989 interview, Wallace—with a deftness worthy of a professional card shark—responds by quoting an interview conducted ten years earlier, in 1979. At that time, of course, Arafat was not yet the darling of salon liberals nor the great hope of the White House, and it took little courage to treat him as if he were an Israeli politician.

A second charge, which Wallace ignores altogether, is that in 1987, when 400,000 Soviet Jews, risking their lives and livelihoods, had requested Israeli visas, he stood in front of the Kremlin and declared that, with few exceptions, the 1.5 million Jews of the USSR, whose story was "largely untold," were happy there and did not want to leave. Within two years this proved to be one of the greatest journalistic gaffes of the century, surpassed only by a prominent New York *Times* reporter's prediction in 1975 that the Khmer Rouge assumption of power in Cambodia would bring "for most a better life" (they slaughtered some two millions civilians soon after).

At the time of Wallace's broadcast, the Soviet authorities were refusing not only Jewish emigration, but travel for desperately sick individuals who needed treatment in the West. To many Americans his program served to confirm the Soviet claim that Soviet Jews were content, and Western efforts on their behalf were ridiculous. (How many lives were thus jeopardized?) To make his point, Wallace chose to interview the most notorious "court Jews" in the USSR, Samuel Zivs and Mikhail Milschstein, despised by all self-respecting Jews and representing solely the authorities. He even stooped to portraying the Jewish autonomous region of Birobidzhan, that monumental insult to the intelligence constructed by Stalin—where there are no Jewish schools and no study of Hebrew, and where Jews are incessantly pressured to disappear as an ethnic group—as a viable alternative for those who wish to live a Jewish life. In his one interview with a refusenik, the mathematician Victor Brailovsky, he omitted the facts of Brailovsky's imprisonment, five-year exile, fifteen-year unemployment, and ceaseless harassment by the KGB.

What Wallace does try to refute is my charge regarding his attack on AIPAC, the "Jewish lobby," an attack which served as a precursor for Patrick J. Buchanan and others who see "the Jews" controlling Washington.

Wallace cites part of a letter from three Jewish organizations asserting that AIPAC does not represent the Jewish consensus. What he fails to mention is that the quote from the letter, taken out of context, referred to a specific issue, not to AIPAC as such. He also forgets that the Anti-Defamation League, vehemently protesting his show, called this quote "entirely incorrect," and that the largest Jewish organization, Hadassah—hardly noted for fire-eating militancy—demanded to know "why CBS promotes the ugly notion that Congressmen who vote against certain arms sales to Arab states have been bought by Jewish money."

Wallace also tackles my charge that he whitewashed Assad, citing what he said on camera about travel restrictions on Syrian Jews. Of course, there was nothing to rebut: I mentioned Wallace's reference to these travel restrictions in my article. But this lonely negative note about Assad was more than offset by the consistent obsequiousness with which he treated that champion butcher. The following is an example:

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Wallace: You invite Jewish former Syrians to come back and visit their families, or American Jews to come here, go to the Jewish quarter, be with their friends, relatives, in perfect safety, and no reprisals against Syrian Jews who may have either emigrated in the old days or escaped recently?

Poor Assad. Pressed against the wall by these tough no-nonsense questions, he had to confess that, yes, he was a benevolent humanitarian who treated his Jews with boundless kindness. But Wallace would not let go. He knows about Jews. "But Jews are Jews [!]," he somberly perorates to the camera,

and Israel's guns are only 40 miles away. Most governments, even our own, as with the Japanese in World War II, would consider these people potentially dangerous to national security. Apparently President Assad does not, though they are watched more carefully than others . . . Why? Most here would point to Israel as the reason. But *it is getting better under President Assad—for all Syrians, and for Syrian Jews among them.* To deny this is to deny what we have seen. [Emphasis added]

No wonder Syrian diplomats cite Wallace as objective American evidence of their kindness, generosity, and brotherly feelings for Jews.

If I thought it would do any good, I would suggest that Wallace view a documentary entitled *In the Shadows*, premiered in Toronto last month, which portrays Syria as what it is: a country where arbitrary arrests, torture, and executions are commonplace. Wallace may even want to take pride in his contributions to the world's relative inattention to this vileness. But I doubt anything can change his mind.

The reason for Wallace's bias may be hidden in the last paragraph of his letter. In it, Wallace gratuitously protests that he is not a self-hating Jew. But, deeming it totally irrelevant, I never mentioned his Jewishness. Qualified professionals will have to diagnose his compulsion to protest so much, and his concomitant need to kowtow to sworn enemies of Jews.

After studying the transcripts of these programs, the only good thing I can say about them is that his show on the Temple Mount riot is worse. In this show, swallowing the Arab line without reservation, Wallace revises history by reversing the sequence of events. There can be no doubt in the mind of anyone who has seen the available professional and amateur films that no live ammunition was fired at Arabs on the Mount *before* they rioted. But Wallace, basing himself on nothing but Palestinian testimony, concludes that before the Arabs "went into a frenzy" the police shot Arabs down. More on this next week.

December 14, 1990

THIRTY years or so after the Holocaust, revisionist historians began trying to "prove" that it had never taken place. Television being a medium of instant history, it took Mike Wallace only a few weeks to rewrite the history of the Temple Mount riot.

It is all too easy to pick on Wallace's conduct surrounding the production of the *60 Minutes* program on the Temple Mount as indicative of bias, tendentiousness, and willfulness. His main production consultant in Jerusalem was a Palestinian journalist, David Kuttab, an avid PLO supporter and propagandist; Wallace sought no Israeli's advice. His associates told a Jerusalem municipal spokeswoman that they were planning to present the Palestinian side of the story.

In a phone conversation, Wallace claimed he could not get Israeli officials to respond to Arab allegations. In fact, he and his staff rejected all government offers of cooperation. He insisted to the government press office that he wanted to interview only police officers, though he knew that the ongoing police investigation prohibited such testimonies. He also ignored a videotape containing clear evidence that during the fifteen-minute rock barrage on the worshippers' plaza at the Western Wall, not a single policeman was on the Wall—which disproves the Arab claim that the rioters were aiming the rocks at the police, not the worshippers.

It is tempting, too, to puzzle over Wallace's televised thanks to Michael Emery of the *Village Voice* for "tapes and background information." In fact, the Wallace program can be described as a filmed production of the November 13, 1990 story in the *Village Voice*, one of the most virulently anti-Israel newspapers in America. The paper's purportedly thorough, blow-by-blow description of the event, accompanied by an egregiously faulty and misleading illustration of the Temple Mount-Western Wall site, is simply the unadorned Palestinian version of the riot.

It is also easy to wonder about Wallace's total, blind faith in the evidence of Palestinians on this particular event. When Yasir Arafat shows a drawing of an old coin and claims it is the expansion map of Israel, when the PLO's Foreign Minister Farouk Kaddoumi declares it was Mrs. Klinghoffer who killed her crippled husband and pushed him and his wheelchair off the deck of the *Achille Lauro*, and when the PLO's Abu Abbas claims that his gunmen killed 500 Israeli officers in their attack on the Tel Aviv beaches, Wallace and his colleagues dismiss the stories as embarrassing *Arabian-Nights* fantasies. Yet when three of the most respected men in Israel, the members of the Zamir Commission appointed by the Israeli government to investigate the Temple Mount riots, are called "liars" by an Arab health worker, Wallace obviously believes her and seeks no Israeli rebuttal.

Wallace deftly employs the usual tricks of tendentious journalism. To present the Arab side, he takes a "typical" rioter, a cultured, Western-educated blond boy of thirteen, son of PLO-affiliated Sari

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Nusseibeh, who came "to defend the Temple Mount" that fateful day. Is there a viewer who would not rage at police who would shoot at this sweet little boy? Others representing the Palestinian side are a doctor, a woman photographer, a wounded child, and that injured health worker in the hospital. The message is clear: Israel's targets were women and children. Somehow, Wallace forgot PLO chieftain Faisal Husseini, who must have been there only to defend Nusseibeh's boy, and 3,000 other rampaging men and women.

The Israelis, on the other hand, are represented by an ultra-Orthodox rabbi, who to most Americans must look like a Neanderthal throwback, and by two officials. One is Deputy Foreign Minister Binyamin Netanyahu who, in a breach of television ethics, is shown as if he had been interviewed for the program when in fact only file footage of his appearance on the day of the riot was used. The other is the mayor of Jerusalem, Teddy Kollek, whose words are used out of context in an ugly exercise of disinformation—about which more later.

One wonders why Wallace did not interview Israeli witnesses, like a little thirteen-year-old girl, almost as cute as Jamal Nusseibeh, whose American accent is even better. Footage of interviews with Israeli witnesses taken immediately after the riot was available, and it was easy enough to trace them. Wallace claims that he strenuously tried to get the names of the Jewish injured and could not. It took me one phone call to get the list of the eight who were treated at the Hadassah hospital, including addresses and phone and identity-card numbers. Surely, Wallace's legmen are at least as efficient as I am.

(Inadvertently, Wallace's witnesses confirm a central Israeli contention: that the riot was premeditated, that the 3,000 rioters—who, one must assume, were not *all* soft-spoken thirteen-year-old boys—had brought rocks and boulders in "rubbish buckets" to the Mount, and that they were led by ringleaders, "sheiks going around with loudspeakers," as little Nusseibeh described them. Young Nusseibeh, of course, assures Wallace that the Arabs were only going to respond if attacked. Considering that in the past three years Palestinian Arabs have initiated rock-throwing in over 60,000 reported incidents, this would have been indeed a commendable first.)

BUT it is foolish to expect Mike Wallace to be content with the standard tricks of bash-Israel productions. Wallace is a man with a mission, which justifies much greater enormities. His main purpose is twofold: to prove that the Israeli police provoked the riot, and that they used live ammunition *before* the rioters threw rocks at the worshippers. First he asserts that the rioting, which caused several police injuries and the torching of the police post on the Temple Mount, began only when a tear-gas canister exploded out of the blue. "Some of the women," volunteers Wallace, "feared that signaled the approach of the radical Jewish group." (How does he know?)

But just in case some viewers might think that the muffled sound of a tear-gas canister does not quite justify a major riot, Wallace uses Mayor Teddy Kollek to reinforce this provocation thesis.

> *Wallace*: The Israeli government . . . tried to persuade the world that this was an unprovoked riot by the Palestinians.
>
> *Kollek*: We have an ideological government, and I think wherever you have ideological governments you run into trouble.

What Wallace does not tell his viewers is that this Kollek reply was *not* given as an answer to his question. It was part of a long exchange during the interview in which Kollek, as is his wont, expressed his blunt opinion of the government. To splice it out of context and create the impression that Kollek agreed the riot was *provoked* is a blatant inversion of the truth and beyond the pale even by television's loose standards. After seeing the program, Kollek, whose declared confidence in the Zamir Commission's integrity is never mentioned in the show, protested to CBS. Complaining that he was deliberately used by Wallace, Kollek charged that in rushing to assign blame, Wallace edited the truth.

Wallace's second undertaking is to prove that the rioters threw rocks at the Western Wall worshippers only *after* they were mowed down by live police ammunition. None of his witnesses says so. Only Wallace himself asserts that what made the mob stone the worshippers was seeing comrades shot down by the police. For this, too, he uses a spliced bit of Kollek, this time in an even more underhanded manner.

> *Kollek*: [There was] a great number of young men running against [the police], with chains in their hands, and sticks in their hands, and they felt threatened.
>
> *Wallace*: And, as a result?
>
> *Kollek*: As a result they acted as you know they acted.
>
> *Wallace*: They shot.
>
> *Kollek*: Yeah.

The only trouble with this exchange is that Kollek was referring to the police shooting *after* they had been chased away from the Temple Mount by the mob; *after* they had witnessed the fifteen-minute barrage of rocks against the worshippers' plaza at the Western Wall; *after* they had lost contact with the two policeman in the police post and feared for their lives; and *after* they had returned to face the raging mob on the Temple Mount by forcing their way through the Mugrabi gate. Wallace simply placed this Kollek segment *before* describing these events, and followed Kollek's description with his own:

> Seeing people shot down by the Israelis on the Temple Mount drove the Palestinians into a

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frenzy, and once all the Israeli police had retreated off the Temple Mount, the young Palestinians were able . . . to let loose a barrage of stones at the Wall.

Which, aside from being a prevarication, is also ludicrous. Had the police used live ammunition, the mob would have behaved exactly the way it did a half-hour later when the police *did* use live ammunition: it would have dispersed in panic. Nor would the police have retreated—"frightened," as little Jamal Nusseibeh put it—had they felt free to shoot live bullets into the crowd.

In responding to criticism, Wallace hastens to point out that his program has been on top of the charts for 23 years.

It is indeed the best written, directed, and produced newsmagazine on American TV. Which is why CBS—more interested in Nielsen ratings than in the truth—cavalierly and haughtily dismisses all reasoned criticism of the program. It will undoubtedly do so again. But it may be useful to remember that one of the most celebrated journalists of his time was Walter Duranty of the New York *Times*, a Pulitzer-prize-winning foreign correspondent who in the early 30's fed the American public instantly-rewritten history of the famine in the Ukraine. By persuading the world that the Soviet denial of the famine was true, Duranty's fairy tales cost thousands if not millions of lives.

That favorable press in the West encourages dictators to believe thay can get away with murder is a given—proved again most recently by Saddam Hussein. By reinforcing the Arab claim that those who died on the Temple Mount were martyred defenders of holy places, mowed down by savage, unprovoked Israeli police (King Hussein of Jordan has already claimed thay died when "the Israelis came to blow up the mosques"), Mike Wallace helps inflame millions of Muslims against Israel. More than any of his colleagues, he is a fitting heir to Duranty.

Postscript

The very day my analysis of Wallace's Temple Mount program was published in the Jerusalem *Post*, the newspaper received by fax a letter of close to 2,000 words from Barry Lando of *60 Minutes*, the producer of that particular segment. Since the show is not seen in Israel, the *Post* decided it had had enough of Wallace. Yet Lando's letter, like Wallace's reply to my first article, reveals as much about the mental processes of TV types (Lando has been with *60 Minutes* for 22 years) as do the shows themselves. Although the letter is too long to be published here in full, I will try to summarize and answer the main points it raises.

Lando's first objection is to my description of the PLO propagandist David Kuttab as his main production consultant. Kuttab was merely "one of the individuals—Jewish and Palestinian—who worked for us," says Lando; but he names no one else. I have no doubt CBS did also consult some Jewish members of the B'Tselem organization—a far-Left, human-rights group which works closely with parallel Palestinian groups like Al Hak. Their "advice" no more represents the Israeli viewpoint than Ramsey Clark's or C. Vernon Mason's represents the American.

Lando also insists that when he told a Jerusalem municipal spokeswoman that *60 Minutes* was planning to present "the Palestinian side of the story," he did not mean the Temple Mount story, which originally he had not intended to do, but rather the Palestinian side of the whole "Jerusalem story." This may be the first time a CBS official has admitted in writing (and with refreshing candor) that *60 Minutes* came to Israel not to report a news story but to present the Arab side. Indeed, when Mike Wallace interviewed Teddy Kollek he did *not* tell him the show was about the Temple Mount. It was supposed to be about Jerusalem in general. Much of the interview with Kollek (never shown, of course) was devoted to questions about housing, voting patterns, and problems of coexistence. If there is such a thing as a television code of ethics, one assumes it must say something about interviewing under false pretenses.

False pretenses obtained also in the exploitation of Binyamin Netanyahu. In explaining why they chose the thirteen-year-old English-speaking Nusseibeh boy as the hero of the show and as the quintessential Temple Mount "rioter" (though no thirteen-year-old, let alone a frail one, could toss a heavy rock over the Western Wall from the Temple Mount), Lando writes: "Television does like to interview articulate English speakers like Jamal Nusseibeh, just as we tend to go for articulate English-speaking Israelis like Kollek and Netanyahu." But in fact *60 Minutes* never interviewed Netanyahu, nor did it ask a single Israeli to answer the many charges made by the Arabs in the show. Netanyahu offered to be interviewed, but Lando and company never bothered to return phone calls from the Foreign Ministry. In a breach of television rules, they used two-month-old file footage of a Netanyahu press conference, without identifying it as such.

Thus, to the viewer, who is led to believe that Netanyahu was interviewed for the program, the Deputy Foreign Minister seems to be arrogantly evading Arab allegations. For example, after the whole event has been described as an *Israeli* provocation, in which the police needlessly shot nurses, children, and other innocent defenders of the holy places, and after Arab wounded have been shown in hospital beds, Netanyahu appears on screen with a rhetorical flourish which cannot but be construed as a callous, offensive non sequitur: "Who is the international community supporting,

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the Muslim fanatics, the supporters of Saddam Hussein? It makes no sense."

One wonders, too, why, if television is indeed partial to articulate English-speakers, CBS chose as the only Jewish witness to the event an ultra-Orthodox rabbi who speaks not one word of English. There were hundreds of easily traceable American-born Jewish witnesses at the Wall.

In his letter Lando repeats Wallace's allegation that they could not get a list of the Jewish injured. As I stated in my December 14 article, I got the list, with all personal details, by making one phone call. Lando says he has no idea "what tape Bar-Illan is talking about" which shows the fifteen-minute barrage of stones onto the worshippers' plaza at the Western Wall, with no policemen present anywhere near the stones' trajectory. The tape was offered to Mike Wallace in the El Al King David lounge. He said he was not interested.

Lando is also very upset that I question the veracity of the health worker interviewed in the hospital. To reinforce her credibility, Lando writes:

> Her case was written up by the Palestinian human-rights groups who looked into the events of October 8. Mr. Bar-Illan, I would imagine, might dismiss them as hopelessly biased. But her case was also highlighted by the Israeli B'Tselem group which took the Zamir Commission to task for failing to mention the nurse's testimony in their report.

But the nurse's testimony *was* mentioned in the Zamir Commission report:

> To our great regret those who gave the depositions appearing in the B'Tselem report did not see fit to appear before the Commission for interrogation under oath.
>
> However, the Commission met and conversed with one of these deponents, Ms. Fatima Abu Hadar, who had been wounded during the events on the Temple Mount. This occurred during a visit by the Commission to Al-Mukased Hospital. It should be noted that this deponent did not appear to be in a state of health which would warrant her submission to interrogation.

I wonder what makes Lando think I would dismiss Arab human-rights groups as hopelessly biased. Just because they have an unblemished record of prevarication and exaggeration? Because they have never condemned the 350 unspeakably brutal assassinations of Arab "collaborators," including the mutilation murders of children and pregnant women? Because one of their associates, Joost Hiltermann, has justified these murders in the *Nation*?

Lando also denies my claim that Kollek's assertion, that "wherever you have ideological governments you run into trouble," was not a direct reply to Wallace's statement, "The Israeli government tried to persuade the world this was an unprovoked riot by the Palestinians." Kollek was abroad when I wrote this; his spokesman told me the sentence had been uttered in the course of a long discussion and that Kollek in no way intended to cast doubt on the Zamir Commission, whose integrity, as he made clear to Wallace, Kollek considers unimpeachable. Kollek now says the sentence might not have been spliced from a later part of the exchange but was a first sentence in a long answer, the rest of which was omitted. Either way, it was taken out of context. (Kollek's unfortunate penchant for shocking foreigners with outrageous statements against Israeli governments is well known. To his credit, he has been almost as nasty about governments of his own Labor party.)

But what Lando does not bother to include in his 2,000 words is an answer to my main accusation: that in order to prove their contention that the police killed "demonstrators" before any rocks were thrown onto the worshippers' plaza of the Western Wall, Wallace placed Teddy Kollek's description of what the police did *after* reentering the Temple Mount as if it all happened *before* the mob began throwing stones over the Wall. This is tantamount to fraud.

LANDO's letter, together with a letter by the executive producer of *60 Minutes*, Don Hewitt, to a friend, of which he has sent me a copy, suggests that CBS may really believe that, as Hewitt puts it, "like the busybodies of the New York *Times* and the Washington *Post* who published the Pentagon papers," CBS somehow discovered a "coverup" of an unprovoked massacre by Israel's police. To prove this coverup, Hewitt accuses the Israel government press office of declining "to answer embarrassing questions." But the only thing the press office could not satisfy was CBS's request to interview members of the Zamir Commission. With sub-judice laws stricter in Israel than in America, members of the Commission could not talk to CBS during the police investigation; *60 Minutes* refused to wait until it was over.

But CBS's perception that there was a coverup is not the point. Its methods are. To sell its version of the events—remarkably similar to that of the Islamic High Council's and the *Village Voice*'s—CBS-TV used methods comparable to old Soviet propaganda films. (Today's Soviet television, it should be noted, is much fairer to Israel than the Western networks.) The use of such methods cannot be defended by Hewitt's jibe that he receives as many complaints from the M.T. Mehdis and the Clovis Maksouds of this world as he does from Jews.

This sort of "objectivity," this evenhandedness between a democratic and a totalitarian society, reminds me of a BBC broadcast during the Six-Day War of 1967. The commentator related the

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Arab claim that Tel Aviv, Beersheba, and Haifa had been destroyed, and the Israeli announcement of an Egyptian rout in the desert. "The truth," he then intoned with arrogant superiority, "is probably somewhere in the middle. Let us not forget that both combatants are Semites."

Lando ends his letter by referring to my argument that "by reinforcing the Arab claim that those who died on the Temple Mount were martyred defenders of a holy place mowed down by unprovoked Israeli police, Wallace helps inflame millions of Muslims against Israel." Sarcastically, he writes:

> Bar-Illan does not have to worry about the Palestinians learning too much about our broadcast. The reports of our broadcast from the United States were prohibited by the Israeli censor from being published in the Palestinian press.

With Jordanian, Syrian, and Egyptian radio and television—not to mention the Jerusalem *Post*—accessible to Palestinians in Judea, Samaria, and Gaza, it was probably foolish and futile of the Israeli censor to do that. But his concern was more than justified. For what CBS did was to give an American stamp of approval to an Islamic fundamentalist blood libel, to the myth that the Jews were the provocateurs on the Temple Mount, that what happened there was a massacre initiated by the Israeli police. To Arabs this means that the Arab deaths, as King Hussein has said, resulted from an Israeli attempt to blow up the mosques on the Temple Mount.

Innocent Jewish victims of Islamic knifers have paid with their lives for this lie. But we can hardly expect Wallace and his colleagues to think about such matters when making a sensational television show.

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What Everyone "Knows" About Reaganomics

Paul Craig Roberts

WHAT everyone "knows" about Reaganomics is that it failed. As the almost universally accepted story goes, the Reagan administration, influenced by supply-side theory, made a "Laffer-curve forecast" that its tax cuts would pay for themselves. Instead they produced surging budget deficits which saddled the U.S. with massive debt, financed by foreigners, to be repaid by future generations. The tax cuts also—so the story continues—fueled a consumption boom at the expense of savings and investment. Overconsumption at home led to an increase in imports, thereby adding a balance-of-trade deficit to the domestic budget deficit. These "twin deficits" were accompanied by a shift of the tax burden from upper- to lower- and middle-income classes, while unleashing a decade of greed on the one hand and, on the other, rising poverty and stagnation in median family income, all leading ultimately to a great crash.

We have all heard this litany of failure countless times from TV pundits and read it countless times in newspaper columns. Moreover, it has come at us not only from the Left but from across the full range of the political and ideological spectrum. Indeed, the most convincing purveyors of the litany have been members of Ronald Reagan's own entourage, such as his first Budget Director, David Stockman, as well as moderate Republicans like Richard Nixon's Secretary of Commerce, Peter G. Peterson, Senate Minority Leader Robert Dole, and House Minority Leader Bob Michel.

Turning to academia, we find that practically every economist anyone has ever heard of has jumped on Reaganomics with both feet. A typical example is Benjamin Friedman of Harvard in his book, *Day of Reckoning: The Consequences of American Economic Policy Under Reagan and After* (1988). Friedman's "most favorable construction" is that Reagan and his administration genuinely believed that "the incentive effects of across-the-board cuts in personal tax rates would so stimulate individuals' work efforts and business initiatives that lower tax rates would deliver higher tax revenues." His "darker assessment" is that the Reagan administration was not that stupid, and that the deficit was deliberately created to "mortgage the nation's future as a means of forcing Americans to give up government activities which they would otherwise have been able to afford."

According to Professor Friedman, then, the only two possibilities are that Reagan was either a fool or a knave:

> We shall probably never know which of these alternative accounts of the origins of the Reagan fiscal policy better describes what really happened. On one construction, it was an intellectual error of the first magnitude. On the other, it was deliberate moral irresponsibility on a truly astonishing scale.

Friedman, a liberal Democrat, was no doubt encouraged in this categorical judgment by the agreement of many Republicans within the profession, again including some who had worked for Reagan. Thus, at the annual meeting of the American Economic Association in 1985, Friedman's Harvard colleague, Martin Feldstein, who had been chairman of Reagan's Council of Economic Advisers, attacked supply-side economists for, among other things, forecasting that the reduction in tax rates would pay for itself in increased revenue. Herbert Stein, who had been a member of Nixon's Council of Economic Advisers, also criticized Reaganomics for this same sin. Even Lawrence B. Lindsey, whose book, *The Growth Experiment* (1989), is a definitive account of the success of Reaganomics, states matter-of-factly that enthusiastic supply-siders claimed the tax cut would pay for itself.

Something is wrong when the American babble of competing voices can produce a uniformly inaccurate picture of the most discussed economic policy of this generation. For all these things that everyone "knows" with such certainty lack any basis in fact—and I stress that what is at issue here are precisely the basic facts of the case, not debatable interpretations of data. In particular, the Reagan administration did *not* predict that the tax cuts would be self-financing. It predicted the exact

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opposite—that every dollar of tax cut would lose a dollar of revenue. Moreover, as far as I can ascertain, no supply-side economist inside or outside the Reagan administration ever said that tax cuts would pay for themselves.

PRESIDENT REAGAN'S economic program was set forth in an inch-thick document, "A Program for Economic Recovery," made available to the public and submitted to Congress on February 18, 1981. Tables in the document make it unmistakably clear that the administration expected the forthcoming tax cut to reduce revenues substantially below the amounts that would be collected in the absence of such a cut. Without the tax cut, revenues were projected as rising from $609 billion in 1981 to $1,159.8 billion in 1986. With the tax cut, they were projected to rise from $600.2 billion in 1981 to $942 billion in 1986. The total six-year revenue cost of the tax cut was thus estimated as $718.2 billion.

As the tax-rate reduction was expected to slow the growth of revenues, receipts as a percentage of GNP were expected to fall from 21.1 percent in 1981 to 19.6 percent in 1986. Accordingly, the document spelled out the necessity of slowing the growth of spending in order to avoid rising deficits. The administration planned to hold the annual growth of spending to 6 percent during 1981-84 and to 9 percent during 1984-86. On this basis, the Reagan budget projected a rise in spending (including the defense build-up) from $654.7 billion in 1981 to $912.1 billion in 1986.

A summary fact sheet showing the expected revenue losses and planned spending reductions was put out for wire transmission. Months of testimony and debate followed, during the course of which the massive revenue losses were in the forefront. After the Economic Recovery Tax Act of 1981 was passed, the Treasury Department issued to the media a comprehensive report on the legislation, including a three-page table detailing the revenue loss for each of its provisions. (Between introduction and final passage of the bill, the estimated total six-year revenue cost had grown slightly, from $718.2 to $726.6 billion.)

But if Reagan in office never predicted self-financing tax cuts, what about Reagan on the campaign trail? Surely he made that claim?

As a matter of fact, he did not. In *Revolution* (1988), Martin Anderson of the Hoover Institution reproduces the economic plan issued by Reagan and his economic advisers (of whom Anderson himself was one) during the 1980 presidential campaign. That plan estimated that 17 percent of the revenues lost by marginal tax-rate reduction would be recouped by increased economic growth. In other words, far from claiming that tax cuts would pay for themselves, Reagan on the campaign trail predicted that they would forfeit 83 percent of the revenues which would otherwise have accrued.

If, however, Reagan officials and economists never made the infamous claim, surely proponents of the supply-side theory like Jude Wanniski, George Gilder, and Jack Kemp did?

But again, as a matter of fact, they did not. In 1975, in an article in the *Public Interest* entitled "The Mundell-Laffer Hypothesis," Wanniski claimed only that "sufficient tax revenues will be recovered to pay the interest on the government bonds used to finance the deficit" caused by cutting tax rates. In his book, *An American Renaissance* (1979), Jack Kemp used the Laffer curve only to explain why rising marginal tax rates are a disincentive and to argue against static revenue forecasts that ignore the effects of taxation on incentive. And in a letter to the *Wall Street Journal* in March 1980, Kemp said: "Under some circumstances, cutting tax rates will increase revenue; under others, reduce it."

True, in *Wealth and Poverty* (1981), George Gilder wrote that "lower tax rates can so stimulate business and so shift income from shelters to taxable activity that lower rates bring in higher tax revenue." But this was a nonspecific claim supported by studies of reductions in the top income bracket and in the capital-gains tax rates. Gilder also argued (as did Wanniski in his book *The Way the World Works*) that when the top tax rate is reduced, the earnings of the rich rise, "and they pay more taxes in absolute amounts"—a contention that has since been substantiated by Internal Revenue Service statistics demonstrating unequivocally that during the 1980's, when the top tax rate was cut from 70 to 28 percent, the share of the income-tax revenues collected from the top 1 percent of taxpayers rose by 54 percent.

The kindest way to interpret the allegation that supply-siders predicted that the Reagan tax cut would pay for itself is that critics confused an exposition of the upper portion of the Laffer curve with a prediction of the revenue effects of specific legislation. To do so, however, they had to overlook what the supply-siders themselves were actually saying. In a piece of my own in the *Wall Street Journal* (April 24, 1980), I wrote: "The tax-cut movement in the Congress wasn't based on getting all of the revenues back so the government could keep on spending. Much less were tax cuts advocated as a revenue-raising measure. The issue was whether you got any revenues back as a result of incentive effects operating on the supply side of the economy." And in an earlier *Wall Street Journal* article (August 1, 1978), I argued that the combination of revenue feedbacks and increased saving would not result in inflationary deficits "if government spending in real terms could be held to current levels for about two years."

It is possible that some members of Congress may have avoided the question of whose ox would be gored with lower spending growth by hiding behind the Laffer curve. However, it is shoddy work for academic economists and financial re-

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porters to misrepresent any such political statement as a government forecast. Moreover, none of the supply-side legislative measures ever claimed that tax cuts would pay for themselves. The two most successful such measures, the Holt Amendment (1977-78) in the House and the Nunn Amendment (1978) in the Senate, explicitly linked marginal tax-rate reduction with spending limits. There is thus literally no basis for the caricature of supply-side economics as the belief that tax cuts pay for themselves.

As for the Reagan budget deficits, close inspection shows them to be the product of an unsurprising failure and an unexpected success. The failure was on the spending side. During 1981-86 federal spending exceeded not only Reagan's targets but also the current policy projections. Instead of spending cuts from the projected baseline, there were—thanks mainly to Congress—spending add-ons. On the revenue side, conversely, there was a shortfall relative to the budget projections. But this was due not to overestimating the incentive effects of tax reduction, but to overestimating the inflation rate.

The accuracy of revenue forecasts is dependent upon the accuracy of forecasts of nominal GNP, which in turn depend on the forecasts of inflation and real economic growth. In the beginning of 1981 the Reagan administration forecast 11.1 percent inflation for the year, as measured by the consumer price index (CPI), and foresaw inflation falling to 8.3 percent in 1982, 6.2 percent in 1983, 5.5 percent in 1984, 4.7 percent in 1985, and 4.2 percent in 1986. At the time, these forecasts were ridiculed as a "rosy scenario," because they combined falling inflation with sustained real growth—an impossibility according to the "Phillips-curve" relationship which claimed to show that growth in employment and GNP had to be paid for with rising rates of inflation (just as lower inflation had to be paid for by rising rates of unemployment). Since most economists were under the sway of this theory, they refused to believe that the economy could expand for six years without sending inflation substantially higher. Indeed, in their view, to fuel spending through a tax cut when the CPI was already in double digits and when there was an inherited deficit of $70 billion, added up to a prescription for massive inflation.

As it turned out, the administration's inflation forecast was not optimistic but pessimistic. For 1981 the CPI came in at 10.3 percent, almost a point below the forecast. In 1982 inflation measured 6.2 percent, more than 2 points (or 25 percent) below the forecast. In 1983 the inflation rate was 3.2, only half the amount forecast. In 1984 inflation measured 4.3 percent, 1.2 percentage points below forecast. In 1985 the inflation rate fell to 3.6 percent, almost a full point below forecast, and in 1986 it came in at 1.9 percent, less than half the rate forecast.

The cumulative effect of the unanticipated disinflation was a substantial reduction in the levels of nominal GNP, and hence in the tax base. By 1983 and 1984 nominal GNP was running $300 billion below forecast. In 1985 GNP was $500 billion below projections, and it was about $700 billion below in 1986. (In addition to all this, the 1982 recession, brought about by the Federal Reserve Board's fear of inflation, contributed to the loss of revenues by shrinking real output by 2.5 percent in that year.)

In short, intentionally or unintentionally, critics of Reaganomics misinterpreted the revenue shortfalls caused by the unexpected collapse of inflation and attributed them entirely to the tax cuts.

The insistence by Reagan's critics that the essence of supply-side economics consists of the belief that tax cuts pay for themselves is easy to understand. Without this strawman, there is no way to blame Reagan and supply-side economics for the budget deficits and alleged associated ills that have been used to paint a false picture of the 80's as a decade of failure. For if—as is the fact—Reagan predicted that the tax cut would lose revenues, then it was the conventional Phillips-curve economists who produced the revenue shortfall by overpredicting inflation. It was Paul Volcker, then head of the Federal Reserve Board, who drove down revenues by collapsing the real economy in 1982 in a mistaken attempt to counteract "inflationary tax cuts." It was Congress which inflated the deficit by busting every Reagan budget. And it was Reagan's "pragmatic" advisers, romanticized in the media for refusing to let Reagan be Reagan and veto congressional spending, who allowed the debt to grow out of control.

No matter where one looks, then, the facts contradict what everyone "knows" about the "failure" of Reaganomics.

Just as the case against supply-side economics collapses once there is no Laffer-curve forecast to blame for the deficits, so the debt-fueled-consumption/foreign-dependence argument unravels under close examination. Indeed, it appears that the same economists and pundits who lack the ability to look up the Reagan forecasts in public documents also lack the ability to read balance-of-payments statistics.

Between 1982 and 1983, when the U.S. became a net importer of capital, distinguished academic economists put out the story of foreign money pouring into America to finance overconsumption caused by the Reagan tax-rate reduction. This story became firmly fixed in the world's consciousness and was seen as further evidence that supply-side economics was just an extreme form of Keynesianism leading to excessive, unhealthy consumption. But this story also lacks any basis in fact.

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Between 1982 and 1983 foreign-capital inflow into the U.S. actually *fell* by $9 billion. The change in the capital account of the balance of payments resulted from a $71-billion fall in U.S. capital outflows. During 1982-84 there was no significant change in the inflow of foreign capital into the U.S. However, U.S. capital outflows dropped, from $121 billion to $24 billion—a decline of 80 percent—throwing the U.S. capital account into a $100-billion surplus. It was this collapse in U.S. capital outflow that created the large trade deficit, which by definition is a mirror image of the capital surplus.

Why did American investors suddenly cease exporting their capital and instead retain it at home where it supposedly was subject to reckless policies of inflationary debt accumulation? After all, such a dangerous program as Reagan's was said to be would normally result in capital flight. Why then the sudden preference of American capital for the U.S. as compared, for example, to West Germany, a country with an economic policy that everyone considered sound?

The answer is so obvious that the only mystery is how economists and financial writers could have missed it. The 1981 business-tax cut and the reductions in personal income-tax rates in 1982 and 1983 raised the after-tax earnings on real investment in the U.S. relative to the rest of the world. Instead of exporting capital, the U.S. retained it and financed its own deficit.

As in the case of the tax-revenue shortfall, we are confronted with the spectacle of almost every economist misinterpreting the source of the capital surplus. Economists looked at the net figure, ignored its composition, and, seeing what they wanted to see, erroneously concluded that the net inflow was foreign money financing American overconsumption.

After convincing themselves and many others on the basis of this fundamental error that the U.S. was dangerously dependent on foreign capital, economists began warning of the consequences. The inflow of foreign money to finance our consumption, they declared, was keeping the dollar high, thus wrecking the competitiveness of U.S. industry. Furthermore, our addiction to foreign capital meant that the U.S. would have to maintain high interest rates in order to continue to attract the money, thus undermining U.S. investment and de-industrializing America. If U.S. interest rates or the dollar were to fall, foreign capital would flee, depriving us of financing for the "twin deficits."

This doomsday scenario was rapidly picked up by financial journalists and kept international financial markets unnerved. U.S. economic policy came under ever stronger criticism from our allies. America's "twin deficits" became the scapegoat for every country's problems.

Then, in the autumn of 1985, Secretary of the Treasury James A. Baker 3d engineered the political fall of the dollar, which plunged, along with U.S. interest rates, in 1986 and 1987. Remarkably, foreign capital inflows to the U.S. promptly doubled.

THERE are other prominent stars in the constellation of misinformation: the U.S. is the world's largest debtor nation; the U.S. has the world's largest budget deficit; and debt-fueled consumption brought on a U.S. savings crisis. Each of these widely believed allegations is a product of the economists' ability to mislead themselves and the public by failing to examine the data.

According to the conventional wisdom, the U.S. became a debtor nation in 1985. By 1988, we were $532 billion in debt to foreigners, as measured by the difference between their investments in the U.S. and our investments abroad. These allegations of massive indebtedness were used to demoralize Americans and to convince them that Reagan produced a temporary prosperity stolen from future living standards, as we would be forced to divert income to the service of foreign debts.

Yet even as economists and financial writers were painting this dismal picture of the U.S. as the world's largest debtor, official statistics showed the U.S. receiving billions of dollars in net creditor income. As it is not possible for a net debtor to have a net creditor's income, something was obviously wrong here. It was this: the data showing us to be a debtor nation were based on historical prices or book values that understated the market value of U.S. foreign investments by hundreds of billions of dollars.

It would have been correct for economists to point out the decline in the net-creditor position of the U.S. as foreigners found America during Reagan's second term a more promising place to invest than their own countries. But this perspective would have pointed to our success rather than to our failure. And in any case, the solution to the problem, if that is what it was, was not for the U.S. to wreck its own investment climate with higher taxes, but for foreigners to cut *their* tax rates so as to make their economies more attractive to their own capital.

During the 1980's economists made the U.S. budget deficit the scapegoat for the failure of European economies to create new jobs. Sucking away their capital to finance our deficit, it was said, saddled Europe with high unemployment rates. After listening to this story, our allies began demanding that the U.S. become a good world citizen and start cutting its budget deficit. Yet while in absolute dollar amounts, the U.S. in the 1980's did have the world's largest budget deficit, when measured as a percentage of GNP, which is the way economists usually measure deficits, the U.S. budget deficit throughout the 1980's was below the Organization for European Cooperation and Development (OECD) average (as the

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internationally comparable general government budget balances published twice a year by the OECD made perfectly clear).* For example, Canada, Holland, and Spain consistently ran deficits twice as large as ours, while Italy's was four times larger. British, French, and German deficits were not significantly lower, and the Japanese deficit had been lower only since 1984.

As a corollary to the budget deficit, there was the accumulated federal debt, which tripled under Reagan and became a "crisis" that would "doom our future." Yet under Reagan the federal debt as a percentage of GNP rose only slightly higher than the percentage which obtained when John F. Kennedy was President, and it was only one-third of the accumulated debt at the end of World War II. As that much higher debt burden did not destroy our economy or prevent the postwar expansion, why should today's much smaller burden do so? One answer, given by the economist Paul Samuelson and others, was that we owed this earlier debt to ourselves, whereas we owed the Reagan debt to foreigners. Yet official statistics reveal that the proportion of U.S. debt held by foreigners peaked in 1979, prior to Reagan.

Nor were these the only numbers ignored by the economists. In the mid-1980's the Bank for International Settlements (BIS) published a table showing federal debt as a share of GNP for the U.S., Canada, Japan, and the European countries. Data were provided for 1973 and 1986 and the percentage increase was calculated. During 1973-86 in the U.S., the ratio of debt to GNP had grown 40.8 percent. However, in Germany and Japan, the supposedly successful countries against which our failure was measured, debt as a share of GNP had increased 121 percent and 194.2 percent respectively.

WHICH brings us to yet another thing everyone "knows": that the Reagan tax cut caused a savings crisis and a drop in investment, with concomitant declines in productivity and median family income accompanied by a rise in poverty. But here yet again the facts tell an entirely different story.

During the 1980's, prices of capital goods in the U.S. rose only about half as fast as the overall U.S. inflation rate. Unless a real or inflation-adjusted measure of investment is used, the decline in the relative price of capital goods can be misinterpreted as a fall in investment's share of GNP. For example, if the economy were adding new factories every year at a 10-percent higher cost, and if other prices were rising by 20 percent, the share of investment as a percentage of GNP would appear to be falling. Economists who have charged that the U.S. is undergoing "disinvestment" have confused themselves and the public by failing to use inflation-adjusted data.

On the surface, measuring investment net of depreciation, or replacement of the capital used in production, seems to be a more appropriate measure than gross investment. However, net investment understates the growth of our productive ability, because it fails to make any adjustment for the shift in the composition of investment from longer-lived assets, such as buildings, to shorter-lived assets, such as equipment, that generate more rapid depreciation. In other words, net investment can appear to be declining when what really is happening is a *shift* in the investment *mix* from plant to equipment. And so it has been in the past twenty-five years, during which equipment's share of investment has increased 25 percent. As a consequence there has been a rise in the depreciation rate. Little wonder that the net measure of investment has been falling as a share of GNP for a quarter-century.

In contrast, gross investment is not affected by a change in its composition. In real terms, gross investment as a share of GNP reached a postwar high in the 1980's. This investment performance greatly contributed to the recovery of U.S. productivity growth from its near standstill in the 1970's. Since 1981 American manufacturing productivity has been especially impressive, growing at almost double the postwar average.

DURING the past year or so, a few economists have finally begun to challenge the false image of American failures. In a recent issue of the *Quarterly Review* of the Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis, Fumio Hayashi of the University of Pennsylvania argues that "the apparent savings-rate gap between Japan and the U.S. is a statistical illusion attributable to differences in the way the two countries compile their national income accounts." Japan values depreciation at historical cost rather than at the higher replacement-cost figure used by the U.S. As a result, Japanese accounting understates the value of assets used in production and makes Japanese investment look higher than it is. The other major source of the savings-gap illusion is the American practice of counting all government expenditures—including roads, bridges, schools, and warships—as consumption, whereas Japan counts such spending as investment. Once the accounting systems are put on an equal footing, Hayashi finds, the notoriously wide difference in the savings rate disappears.

In 1989 two other economists, Robert E. Lipsey of Queens College and Irving B. Kravis of the University of Pennsylvania, who studied savings and investment rates in industrialized countries, reported to the Western Economic Association that the reputation of the U.S. as a nation of spendthrifts depends on careless comparisons and narrow measures of investment. When U.S. sav-

* The hysteria over the U.S. deficit was so pronounced that it eventually spread to the OECD, despite its own published tables.

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ings and investment are broadened to include education, military capital, consumer durables, and research and development, the U.S. rate of capital formation, on a per-capita basis, is seen to be 25 percent higher than the average of industrialized countries. They report that Japan is "at the bottom of the list in the share of investment going into education."

Other economists have exposed as seriously misleading the Census Bureau's statistics trumpeting the growth of poverty. These statistics, it turns out, omit from poor people's income $158 billion of in-kind assistance. As a recent Heritage Foundation report demonstrates, there are many other paradoxical elements in the Census Bureau's definition of poverty as well. For example, according to official government figures, 38 percent of the persons identified as poor by the Census Bureau own their own homes, of which more than 100,000 are valued in excess of $200,000; 62 percent of poor households own a car, with 14 percent owning two or more; nearly half of all poor households have air-conditioning; 31 percent of poor households have microwave ovens; 22,000 poor households have heated swimming pools or hot tubs. In real terms, Heritage calculates, per-capita expenditures of the lowest income fifth of the U.S. population in 1988 exceeded the per-capita income of the median American household in 1955. And international comparisons reveal that poor Americans eat more meat and live in larger houses and apartments than the average West European.

It is thus not unlikely that a significant percentage of the alleged 31.5 million poor Americans are poor only in a relative sense. But whatever their true number, it is certain that the long Reagan economic expansion, which created 20 million jobs without any rise in the rate of inflation, did not increase poverty.

The misinterpretation of Reaganomics by American economists and financial journalists is in some ways comparable to the misrepresentation by many intellectuals of Soviet experience, now fully exposed by Gorbachev's *glasnost*—only it is worse, because the evidence showing the origins of the U.S. budget deficit and capital surplus was readily available. The economists and the journalists simply ignored it and launched a crusade to drive out the devil of Reaganomics, which (among its other sins) had been guilty of doing what they said could never be done—creating 20 million new jobs without causing an increase in inflation.

Thanks to the accumulated economic misinformation and disinformation from the 1980's, the Bush administration—taking a step no administration has taken since the Great Depression—has supported tax increases as the economy was moving into recession. Pressed by conventional economists demanding tighter fiscal policy (that is, smaller budget deficits) and looser monetary policy (more money creation), President Bush agreed to raise taxes in exchange for lower interest rates. The combination of high taxes and easy money is the same policy mix that eventually produced the stagflation of the 1970's, from which Reaganomics extricated us, and it is bound to do us harm again.

Conventional economists, ignoring the lessons of their own textbooks (including even Keynes), have pronounced this disastrous policy mix a great victory for the economy. In the course of 1991 they will forget their role, of course, and blame the recession on Reagan's supply-side tax cut of a decade ago. And everyone will come to buy that story, too.

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The 20th Century's Most Successful Ideology

Ruth R. Wisse

As the 20th century nears its end, the realization dawns that anti-Semitism has proven to be its most durable and successful ideology. The disintegration of the second great totalitarian empire has consigned Communism, alongside fascism, to the historical dustbin. Yet in the shrinking pantheon of visionary ideas that arose to explain and to rectify the problems of the 19th century, anti-Semitism maintains a prominence.

Because of its lack of sophistication, anti-Semitism has often been dismissed—most famously by August Bebel as "the socialism of fools." Of course, unlike socialism, anti-Semitism has no prescription for the improvement of society beyond the elimination of part of society. But simplicity and negation are the very keys to its success. Since it is easier to destroy a presumed evil than to fashion a brave new world, restive populations can find in opposition to the Jews immediate gratification, and in the elimination of the Jews a credible prospect for the future. Drawing upon religious and cultural traditions that have demonized the Jews, or sought their disappearance as a people, anti-Semitism more than compensates in mythic potency for what it lacks in intellectual rigor.

What defeated or weakened other major ideological movements of this century was the force of opposition ranged against them. Fascism, when it determined to conquer all of Europe, mobilized the resistance of the democratic West. Communism seems to have been defeated by the belated resistance of democratic countries to its expansion, and by erosion from within. But the aggression of anti-Semitism against an absurdly small minority ensures that it cannot be countered by opposition in kind, and its focus on a particular group—the Jews—makes it irrelevant to those who are not Jews.

Some people regard the recurrence of Jew-hatred as a mystery. During the past few years, I have been asked by a Catholic hairdresser, a Pakistani taxi driver, a Polish professor of sociology, and a number of Jewish students and acquaintances, "Why does everyone hate the Jews?" Phrased in this way, by Jews and non-Jews alike, the question seems to await an oracular pronouncement rather than a discriminating analysis. Actually, the question is fraudulent, since "everyone" does not "hate" the Jews. In the United States today, in particular, Jews continue to prosper and to play a prominent part in every area of society; and despite the resurgence of anti-Semitism in certain circles in America in recent years, it continues to be regarded as a disreputable sentiment, achieving a certain legitimacy only when it travels under the cover of anti-Zionism.

The emphasis in the question on "everyone" is also dangerous because it obscures the particular political goals of those who really do hate the Jews and who do profit from Jew-hatred. In fact, understanding the political attraction of anti-Semitism is the first requirement of anyone who intends to contain it. For Jews to engage in such an inquiry means, however, that they must face the humiliating effects anti-Semitism has had on them.

A good starting point is the experience of Soviet Jewry. As the favored victims of the czars, Jews might have been expected to benefit the most from the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917, an enforced overhaul of society that among its other achievements abolished the absolutist monarchy and outlawed anti-Semitism. This expectation, indeed, is what finally reconciled many younger Jews to the Communist system after the Revolution, despite initially widespread Jewish distrust of the Bolsheviks. The fact that Jews were presumed to be benefiting is also what associated them in the popular imagination with the newly imposed regime.

But while many Jews tried to adapt to Communism, Communism could not tolerate the Jews, an unassimilable minority with national ties to people in other lands, including democratic lands. Thus when Stalin directed his campaign against "rootless cosmopolitans" and "bourgeois nationalists" in the 1930's, Russian Jews, already perceived by many as enforcers of the system, found themselves accused by the Communist dictator as enemies of the system.

No wonder, then, that in the 60's and 70's Jews

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were disproportionately active among Soviet dissidents, for Jews stood to benefit the most from any policies of liberalization that might be effected, let alone from an actual breakup of the regime. Some expectations of improvement were indeed eventually fulfilled: Jews were given permission to study Hebrew, to engage in religious rituals, to emigrate. Yet as soon as Communism weakened, one of the first freedoms claimed by Russians and other nationals was—the freedom to oppose the Jews. The slogan of today's Moldavian nationalist movement, "We will drown the Communists in the blood of the Jews," is a localized update of a much older motto, "Bury the Jews and save Russia." Instead of being hailed as defiant pioneers who helped crack the totalitarian yoke, Jews in the Soviet Union are perceived today as a threat to the cohesion of almost every discrete nationalist unit. After three strikes, many Jews in the Soviet Union are calling themselves out and heading for Israel, the Jewish state.

To that extent they are redeeming the promise of Zionism. For Zionism aspired to save Jews from the persecution to which they were subjected as a minority by returning them to their own land, where they could rule themselves. Yet, instead of changing the fate of the Jews, Israel has assumed the fate of the Jews. The Arab and Muslim countries of the Middle East, in their opposition to the Jewish state, and to the idea of a Jewish nation, have discovered the same political opportunities that inspired so many other modernizing peoples of Europe. Through their hate campaign at the United Nations, Arab and Muslim anti-Zionists have actually extended the reach of anti-Semitism beyond all its previous boundaries. Whatever else the Russian Jews will find in Israel, they will not be granted any refuge from Jew-hatred.

The repetitiveness of the Jewish condition is positively boring. When in the late 1960's the movement for Soviet Jewry arose in North America in response to the efforts of some Jews within Russia to affirm their Judaism and/or leave for Israel, I had just begun to teach Yiddish literature at McGill University in Montreal. I no longer remember what sort of participation was asked of me by the local campus committee, but my first reaction was to scold the boy who approached me; I accused him of pandering to "crisis Judaism." After all, we were living in the aftermath of the Six-Day War, when it looked as if Israel would never have to fight another battle. And on a quieter front, at McGill, we had managed after several years' effort to initiate an interdisciplinary program in Jewish studies. Having finally won acceptance, as I thought, Jews ought to stop worrying about survival and concentrate on the quality of their lives. I was so annoyed by the invitation to address still another Jewish emergency that I suspected the students of inventing it.

Yet I was fully aware of the situation of the Jews of Russia. The study of Yiddish literature had dramatized for me the fate of that community, so many of whose best poets, novelists, and critics had disappeared in labor camps during the 1930's, while those who survived were subsequently murdered by Stalin in his unparalleled attempt to destroy Jewish culture at its root. I knew the robust lyrics of Itsik Feffer (d. August 12, 1952), in his youth an ardent Communist and during the war Russia's most effective propagandist among the Jews; the stories and novels of David Bergelson (d. August 12, 1952), who confided to a visitor in 1946, "I traded in my six-speared [Jewish] star for a five-speared [Soviet] star, and the sixth spear is stuck in my heart"; the exploding images of memory-haunted Peretz Markish (d. August 12, 1952): "The marketplace sleeps, its booths like skulls./Lamps, like doves, come into its dreams./Then why is the Sabbath still here/ On my dusty feet?"

The whole mad history of Soviet Communism was embedded in the texts of the Yiddish writers who zigged and zagged through changing party lines or fell silent or were dragged to their deaths. So I had no illusions about what lay in store for the remaining Jews under Soviet rule. Nevertheless I accused those students who had come to me at McGill of fomenting a crisis because I was reluctant to engage (yet again!) in political action on behalf of Jews.

This reluctance, I see now, grew out of weariness. We say that love is blind, implying that the lover blinds *himself* to the flaws in his beloved he might ordinarily be expected to see. Blind hatred works in a different way, obscuring the impulses of the hater while magnifying a thousandfold the flaws in the one despised. Where the lover is content to languish in dreams, the hater is hyperactive, aboil with destructive energy. And this energy in the hater saps the energy of his target, adding injury to the insult of being hauled into the court of someone else's opinion.

Unilateral hatred can only be dissipated if it is challenged with sufficient force. But how can the victim of unilateral hatred mount a sufficient counterattack if he lacks the instinct of reciprocal aggression? What usually happens is that the exhaustion of the victim stimulates the dynamism of his predator in an accelerating cycle.

Jew-hatred further undermines the moral strength of the Jews by attributing to them something they are not. Anti-Semites charge the Jews with bloodthirstiness and vengeance, citing the Bible's *lex talionis*—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth—and the way stern justice is administered in biblical Israel's conquests of the land. They further charge the Jews with exclusiveness and racism, referring to the Jews' claim to be the chosen people. Actually, however, post-biblical Judaism pacified the Bible almost to the point of inversion, multiplying laws of self-discipline at

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the expense of retaliatory concepts and judgments. For crimes deserving capital punishment, the rabbis made evidentiary requirements so stringent that they effectively inactivated the death penalty. Jews did continue to set themselves apart from other people, but they also continued to take it for granted that anyone who wished to could become a Jew. Nor did anything in Judaism correspond to the Christians' and Muslims' resentment of the Jew as the denier of *their* faiths; consequently, nothing in Jewish history corresponds to the spasms of Christian and Muslim anti-Semitism.

The resulting asymmetry between Jews and anti-Jews creates a perpetual political imbalance. My late teacher, the Yiddish linguist Max Weinreich, traced for me the following history of the Yiddish term *hargenen*, "to kill." Enjoying no active use among the Jews of Europe, the term gradually acquired the weaker meaning of "to strike," or "to beat," while to signify real killing one said *derhargenen*, employing a prefix for an action seen through to its end. But this stronger term, too, came to mean no more than "to beat," or "to rough up," and for killing one resorted to *derhargenen oyf toyt*—to kill to death.

My teacher presented this item of moral philology in a spirit of obvious respect for the linguistic community that spawned it, a community which had lost the habit of killing. This was the same Max Weinreich, educated at the University of Marburg, who right after the war wrote *Hitler's Professors*, a book documenting the early and widespread pro-Hitler sentiment in the German academic community and the creative participation of some of the finest German minds in the "Final Solution." I do not know whether Weinreich ever thought about the fit between what he knew about Jews and what he knew about Germans. But assuming he was as correct about the one as about the other, how could people so disinclined to kill expect to survive among people who so enjoyed the prospect? (And another question: to what extent did the pacific civilization of the Jews provoke German extremism? Did the bleat of the Jewish lamb excite the German tiger?)

I SUGGESTED earlier that anti-Semitism unleashes a unilateral energy of enmity. And indeed, anti-Semitism, while lacking in philosophical heft, is special among political instruments and ideas by dint of its vigor. The image of Nazism that comes to my mind is not the barracks at Auschwitz-Birkenau, or Hitler's goose-stepping legions, but the ecstasy on the faces of girls carrying flowers and of men shouting *Heil!* Eradicating the Jews was a *positive* ideal of Nazism, part of its striving to create a Master Race. When Hannah Arendt reported on the trial of Adolf Eichmann in 1961 she discovered a man so pedestrian and so stupid that he literally could not lie to save his life, a robotic state functionary fully illustrating her thesis of the "banality of evil." But Cynthia Ozick is at least equally correct when she asserts that for sheer creativity, no modern poetic metaphor can match the showers designed by Germans to cleanse Jews of their lives. The Nazis solved their Jewish problem with considerable ingenuity, and had Eichmann not risen inventively to his task, the Jews would still be "polluting" Europe with their presence rather than fertilizing it with their ashes.

Let us not forget, besides, that the goals of anti-Semitism were almost fully achieved in Europe: seven-tenths of its Jews were destroyed; their property and goods were taken over by the Germans and resident nationals; and the millennial European-Jewish culture, embodied in hundreds of vibrant communities, was permanently and almost totally erased. Not a bad record for a political idea. Hannah Arendt would have done better to respect its adaptive capacities than to mock the dullness of its human representatives once their passions were spent.

To be sure, anti-Semitism has triggered tremendous bursts of creative energy in modern *Jews* as well; but the main thrust of Jewish energy has been to gain acceptance, including in the nations eager to be rid of them. The dynamism of the Jews in the 19th and 20th centuries is almost unparalleled. No other people migrated in such proportion to their overall numbers, or rerooted themselves so successfully in their new homes. Wherever Jews were permitted to flourish, and occasionally where they were not, they manifested a creative as opposed to a destructive energy, and perhaps tried to compensate for their handicaps by spectacular achievements. They had to scramble if they intended to survive, and having no strong desire to engage their adversaries, they tried to prove themselves unworthy of hatred.

All this sounds exemplary, and so it may well be, but since anti-Semitism bears no relation to the achievement of the Jews it cannot be dispelled by proofs of their excellence. Jew-hatred is one-sided, not only in the sense that it is unreciprocated, but also in the sense that it functions independently of its object. Jews could dispel anti-Semitism through their behavior only if it were directed against their behavior. But given that the fear and hatred derive from the accuser himself, and are often a projection of his own desires, they can only be dispelled by a revision within his mind. To put it in contemporary political terms: were Arab opposition to a Jewish nation based on the quality of that nation, on something correctable in Jewish policies, Israel could aspire to satisfy it. But the Arab charge that Israel is racist by definition supersedes and remains invulnerable to proof.

ANTI-SEMITISM sets all kinds of traps for its victims. The Jew may think he can turn hatred to advantage. A handicapped

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person, in learning to compensate for his disadvantage, often outperforms the normal person in other ways. But just as the handicapped person may eventually tire of the special exertions required of him, so too the Jew under the disability of hatred. At this point he is tempted to try to elicit from bystanders and witnesses the same pity he feels for himself. Thus, in one of the most misguided efforts of recent times, some American Jewish organizations have encouraged the teaching of the Holocaust to Gentiles; they expect that imparting information about the murder of the Jews of Europe will ensure its never happening again. Yet almost everything we know about human nature and human history would lead to a more obvious conclusion. From the images of Auschwitz and Buchenwald one could derive that: (a) Jews are an easy target; (b) something must be wrong with the Jews if they were selected as a target; (c) it is not a good idea to be a Jew. Since innocence was not a shield against destruction in the first place, it is hard to see how the broadcast of innocence will do any better.

It might be possible to turn the Holocaust into a political homily, but Jews would have to tell a different story from the one chosen by most curricula and museum exhibits. We know that Jews in ancient times occasionally triumphed over those who tried to eradicate them: the story of Exodus tells us that God visited plagues on the Egyptians until Pharaoh let His people go, and the story of Esther tells us how Jews turned the tables on Haman. For the Holocaust to become a moral deterrent, one would have to dwell on the defeat of Nazism, demonstrating the cost to the perpetrators of the evil they did, and one would have to offer, alongside evidence of the Jewish talent for victimization, contrary evidence of the enduring power of Judaism and the Jews. One would have to concentrate not on the victimized Jews but on the malevolent Germans, showing how the glorious rallies of Nuremberg begot the pulverized cities of Germany, and how the proud officers of the SS became the suspended corpses of Spandau.

Hitler, who even in death understood the power of images, did not allow himself to be publicly humiliated like Mussolini, but tried to protect his myth through the mystery of suicide and cremation. It is for the Jews to demythologize their most efficient destroyer, to expose him through every caricature and satire, to make him suffer in their propaganda the disgrace that they suffered in his. Otherwise he laughs out his triumph through every memorial to the destruction of his enemy. To warn against crime one must be prepared to demonstrate that crime does not pay.

Yet far from stimulating Jews to do this, anti-Semitism forces them into a defensive struggle from which they stand to gain nothing but the very right to live which should be theirs "by right." The Jew must engage in a struggle which is essentially degrading, expending his energy in a cause not of his choosing, for as long as his enemies think they can gain by opposing him. The Jew cannot escape the degradation of the struggle without fatally weakening his powers of resistance, and he cannot succumb to the degradation of the struggle unless he is prepared to be extinguished.

Some of the most intellectually gifted modern Jews have tried to escape the humiliation of Jew-hatred by transforming both the aggression and their defense against it into a higher principle. Just note the conspicuous role played by the "Jewish question" in the search for universal theories of human behavior and in political movements aimed at universal redemption. In *Revolutionary Jews from Marx to Trotsky*, Robert S. Wistrich documents the successful efforts of a wide assortment of Jewish geniuses to transpose their loyalties from nation to class. In their own estimation these idealists were attempting to improve the condition of mankind as a whole, which is perforce a nobler ambition than merely securing the Jews. But the move into the embrace of mankind was primarily a move away from the Jews.

In reality, the so-called "Jewish question" was the question of anti-Semitism, which could only be addressed through an analysis of the particular and could only be eradicated through an acceptance of the particular. Transmuting Jew-hatred into the "larger" issue of society was the intellectual equivalent of social climbing, of trying to dissociate oneself from the despised minority while reaching for ideas of power. Not only did these theories leave existing anti-Semitism untouched and intact, they contributed, most notably in Marxism, a new set of reasons for eliminating the Jews. Wistrich writes: "The tragic irony in this situation was that both the Jewish revolutionary and the pathological anti-Semite who feared and hated him, starting from wholly different general premises, desired the ultimate disappearance of the Jew."

The latest attempt to avoid or transcend Jew-hatred by subsuming it under a broader category is the umbrella movement for human rights, under which many Jews have tried to find shelter. The Jewish human-rights activists I know have almost nothing in common with the earlier socialist-internationalist opponents of Jewish peoplehood, being genuinely concerned with the defense of Judaism, of Israel, and of the Jews. But they, too, desire to transcend parochialism by defending the rights of all people everywhere. They justify this on tactical as well as moral grounds, arguing that a broad-based approach is politically necessary since it can mobilize a larger following, attract more publicity, hence prove more effective. The argument overlooks just one detail—the opportunity the Jew-hater will find in each new general principle to exclude from it his designated enemy.

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Once again, let me press my university experience into service. Twenty years after the struggle for Soviet Jewry began, the Montreal Jewish community, justly proud of its successes, established in the McGill Faculty of Law a lecture series in human rights to honor and further its commitment. Why not a lecture series in *Jewish* law, its concepts, and their implications for the politics of Jewish rescue? Such a series could have made at least a small contribution to knowledge by tracing a contemporary phenomenon back to its sources. But since the goal of the struggle for Soviet Jewry had been a human-rights goal, the organizers skipped over the means and hastened right to the end.

This blunder will soon exact a price. In the third year of the series a proposal was introduced for a lecture on Israel's abuse of the rights of Palestinian Arabs. The propounders cared as much about human rights as the Communists before them cared about world peace, but they had learned to conceal their aims by resorting to the same language the Jews were trying to grasp for protection. Thus can a general principle like "human rights" serve the double purpose of furthering anti-Jewish propaganda while depriving Jews of one of their moral props. Feeling so good about the struggle they had "won," the Jews of Montreal ignored the political war being waged against their people and handed their enemy a brand new weapon. If the donors of the lectures now proceed to withdraw their support to prevent the foreseeable subversion of their aims, they will be accused of having contempt for human rights—and, no doubt, of censorship.

Modern Jews have enthusiastically fought for the civil and human rights of other persecuted minorities, convinced that a threat to any group is a threat to them. It is almost unbearably discouraging for the Jews to admit that other minorities, including other persecuted minorities, do not share their conviction but, to the contrary, discover in anti-Semitism a handy political tool of their own. In Europe, anti-Semitism was often the common denominator of the poorest and richest sectors of society, and its usefulness in this regard has not been lost on some Americans either. Anti-Semitism is the glue of the unlikely alliance that is developing between blacks and Arabs, both locally and internationally; the anticipated economic benefits of such an alliance seem to count for more among some blacks than the genuineness of Jewish involvement with their cause.

And so it goes—on and on and on. Small wonder that so many Jews grow weary in contending with so relentless an assault. Yet the weariness must be overcome, and the best way for Jews to overcome it is to resist the seductive temptations of the universalist illusion and to engage in wholehearted defense of that very particularity against which the ideology of anti-Semitism has always been at war.

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Brennan's Revolution

Wallace Mendelson

JUSTICE WILLIAM J. BRENNAN, JR. led the Warren Court revolution and sustained it for years thereafter. If a great man is one who leaves his mark upon the social order, Brennan, who retired from the Supreme Court last year, is a very great man indeed. But was he a great judge?

Our system contemplates that the power to govern shall be diffused and also limited both by law and by broad-based electoral accountability. This is manifest in federalism, the separation of powers, the rule of law, and the consent of the governed. Judicial activism is so alien to those principles and our folklore that no Supreme Court Justice has ever tried in public to justify it. Nor has any Justice ever proclaimed or admitted in public that he was an activist. On the contrary, judicial aggressors trumpet their innocence. For example, in *Miranda* v. *Arizona* (1966), Chief Justice Earl Warren announced: "We start . . . with the premise that our holding is not an innovation. . . ." Why the claim of innocence, if no offense was contemplated? Yet the upshot of *Miranda* was a new constitutional rule that a confession is not acceptable unless the confessor had been "warned," i.e., advised of his rights and risks. Similarly, in *Gideon* v. *Wainwright* (1963), Justice Hugo Black pretended that *Powell* v. *Alabama* (1932) had long before established a general right to appointed counsel. And in *Griswold* v. *Connecticut* (1965), Justice William O. Douglas claimed that the use of contraceptives was sanctioned by "emanations" from an 18th-century Bill of Rights somehow made applicable to the states by a fair-trial provision in a Reconstruction amendment.

All this, one suggests, is what Plato called "noble fiction"—calculated to hide from the governed the naked power of their magistrates. But in 1986, a less than sophisticated plea by the then Attorney General, Edwin Meese, for judicial moderation provoked Justice Brennan into lifting the mask and giving us the closest thing we have to a public apologia for wholesale government by judges.

The Constitution, Justice Brennan said, embodies "the aspiration to social justice, brotherhood, and human dignity that brought this nation into being." It is "a sublime oration on the dignity of man" and "a sparkling vision of the supremacy of the human dignity of every individual . . . the lodestar for our aspirations." Surely the "nine old men," who in the 1930's struck down one piece of New Deal legislation after another, would have concurred fully in this view, though on the basis of a very different idea of what social justice and human dignity meant. So, too, presumably, would the laissez-faire activists who, in *Lochner* v. *New York* (1905), struck down a maximum-hour law for bakers because, as they saw it, "social justice" required "liberty of contract" to safeguard a person's dignity and privacy by permitting him to determine for himself his hours of labor.

Perhaps the "nine old men" would have agreed that aspirational standards for adjudication are justified, as Justice Brennan explained, because the "sources of potential enlightenment" as to the intended meaning of the Constitution were often "sparse and ambiguous," and "the Framers themselves did not always agree about the application or meaning of particular provisions. . . ." And was it the intent of "the drafters, the congressional disputants, or the ratifiers" that was relevant? Obviously Justice Brennan questioned the whole notion of original intent with respect to "a jointly drafted document drawing its authority from a general assent of the states." It followed that in crucial cases courts should look beyond the pedestrian words of the written document to the ideals that (according to him) inspired them. Indeed, the very purpose of the Constitution was to make those ideals "transcendent" by putting them "beyond the reach of temporary political majorities"—and (one might add) under the guardianship of temporary judicial majorities instead.

LET us consider now what Justice Brennan's aspirational constitution mandated. For one thing, it unequivocally and absolutely forbade capital punishment. If Justice Thurgood Marshall was the only colleague to agree with him on this, perhaps the reason was that the written Constitution in four distinct provisions in the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments

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explicitly accepts death penalties. Nor did, or do, most Americans share the Brennan version of our aspirations. Following the first announcement of the Brennan minority view, at least 35 states and Congress enacted capital-punishment measures, and hundreds of juries issued death verdicts. According to Justice Marshall, we would not be so perverse if we were a more "*informed* citizenry." The electorate unqualified for its job! (Sooner or later an activist tongue was bound to slip—to blurt out what has always been implicit in the activist approach.)

Miranda and (eight days thereafter) *Schmerber* v. *California* revealed another difficulty in Justice Brennan's aspirational constitution. He alone on the bench found these two decisions compatible—the latter permitting forceful extraction of a person's blood for use as evidence against him, the former outlawing unwarned, custodial confessions no matter how voluntary in fact.

Johnson v. *New Jersey* came a few days after *Miranda*. It held that *Miranda* "rights" did not pertain to persons who, prior to *Miranda*, had confessed their way to jail. This meant that there was nothing inherently unconstitutional in convictions based on unwarned voluntary confessions. It followed that, as the Court said later in *Stone* v. *Powell* (1976), the *Miranda* warning rule was "a judicially created remedy or sanction against police misconduct rather than a personal constitutional right of the accused." *Miranda* and *Johnson*, then, were as fundamentally incompatible as were *Miranda* and *Schmerber*. Yet again Brennan—this time with two colleagues, Earl Warren and Abe Fortas—supported both decisions. (The reason, here as in other instances, had more to do with the internal politics of the Warren Court than with the Constitution, whether written or aspirational.)*

These cases teem with problems in the ethics of activism. Two deserve special attention. First, was it proper to save Miranda—a confessed rapist—whose conviction was based on a then long-settled rule of constitutional law when the Court was so splintered and so far from consensus as to the new meaning of self-incrimination? Second, Justice Brennan and Marshall in case after case *always* voted against the death penalty on what they insisted were constitutional grounds. Yet that issue had long since been settled against them by the Supreme Court itself—to say nothing of the language of the written Constitution. Obviously the two dissenters did not *as judges* respect the authority of the Supreme Court. That is, they did not accept for themselves the rule of high-court law that binds the rest of us. They rejected both obedience to law and the hemlock of resignation.†

Yet if the Brennan-Marshall stance on capital punishment was extra-legal, it was not without legal effect. Predisposed in a way that would disqualify them from sitting as jurors, the odd couple persisted in sitting as judges in death-sentence cases. They did not prevail in principle, but neither did they totally fail, since their two automatic votes for reversal had a slanting effect. They were decisive in *Coker* v. *Georgia* (1977), when they supplemented a four-judge view that death was excessive punishment for rape. They were decisive in *Lewis* v. *Adamson* (1990), when they supplemented a two-judge view—two Justices having recused themselves. Yet one day earlier, when the full Court sat, a death penalty in similar circumstances had been upheld, so that an Arizona law which five Justices sustained on Wednesday was overturned by four Justices on Thursday. The chance-ridden upshot: Adamson lives, his counterpart (Walton) dies.

IT MAY WELL be that a murderer, however gross his crime, should have an absolute right to life, while a healthy fetus should not. Yet surely these are imponderables. And surely that is why the language of the Constitution indicates far more clearly *who* shall resolve such matters than it indicates *what* the outcome shall be.

We have no way of knowing the "aspirations" of the American people, but we do know quite objectively something about what they wanted with respect to abortion and capital punishment before the judiciary intervened. Legislation in all states substantially restricted the one and in most states authorized the other. Moreover, as we have seen, Congress and a great majority of the states reinstated the death penalty after the Court's provisional veto. So, too, frustrated in more direct efforts to thwart *Roe* v. *Wade* (1973), 37 states—like Congress—banned or restricted the use of public funds to finance abortions. If all this is not a precise measure of public attitudes, surely it is a more respectable guide than anyone's intuitive assessment.

Here, then, we come to what may be the basic problem of judicial activism in Justice Brennan's day: the effort to force upon the masses the moral values of an intellectual elite. A *Newsweek* essay on the Dukakis presidential campaign of 1988 put it pithily: "Not only are most of the legalistic [i.e., activist] additions to liberalism unpopular—they come with an impolitic mind-set, the idea that a backward electorate must learn to obey the wisdom of enlightened judges."

Not so long ago liberal doctrine held that judges should avoid constitutional adjudication whenev-

* See "The Optimist's Tale," by M.V. Tushnet, *University of Pennsylvania Law Review*, vol. 132, p. 1257, 1984, for details.

† There are compelling reasons for the traditional view that, having recorded a dissent, a judge is bound thereafter to abide by the Court's decision (of course he is free in conference to urge colleagues to mend their ways). Like Justices Brennan and Marshall, Justice Antonin Scalia has found recently that he cannot accept a Court holding, but unlike them, he does not insist that his dissenting view is law—rather, he abstains.

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er possible. This view found classic expression in the Brandeis minority opinion in *Ashwander* v. *T.V.A.* (1936) and achieved majority status in *Rescue Army* v. *Municipal Court* (1947). As Justice Louis D. Brandeis expressed it off the bench: "The most important thing we do is not doing." The thought was that the fewer social issues preempted by the courts, the more were left for resolution by the democratic process. But about thirty years ago a new breed of liberals, who had lost hope of achieving their goals via legislation, put all their policy eggs in the judicial basket. This entailed an all-out attack on the Brandeisian gateway barriers (e.g., the "political-question" and "standing" doctrines)—an attack whose goal was to circumvent as much as possible the political, in favor of the judicial, arena. The result was the Warren Court revolution—the renaissance of wholesale judicial policy-making (after its demise in 1937).

The first great victory came in Justice Brennan's majority opinion in *Baker* v. *Carr* (1962). There, by narrowing the political-question barrier, he multiplied opportunities for what old-fashioned (Brandeisian) liberals called government by the judiciary. *Baker* v. *Carr*, said Justice Felix Frankfurter in dissent, flew in the face of "a uniform course of decision established by a dozen cases, including one by which the very claim [now upheld] was unanimously rejected only five years ago." The upshot was that among many rival theories of representation the Court selected one—the so-called "one-man-one-vote" system—and imposed it upon America. No matter that the chosen approach, as Frankfurter observed,

> . . . was not the English system, it was not the colonial system, it was not the system chosen for the national government by the Constitution, it was not the system exclusively or even predominantly practiced by the States at the time of adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment, it is not predominantly practiced by the States today.

In other words, the American people were denied what is perhaps the most basic democratic freedom: the choice of how they shall be represented in the councils of their government.*

Apologists contend that judicial intervention was justified in this instance because the political processes were helpless in the face of the excess power of those groups favored by the status quo. History refutes this contention. The victims of the English Rotten Borough system prevailed with nothing but political pressure. That too is how in state after state we abolished religious qualifications on the suffrage. That is how in state after state we eliminated property qualifications for the suffrage. That is how we obtained the popular election of United States Senators. That is how women got to vote. That is how in state after state we abolished poll taxes (until the Court intervened). That is how eighteen-year-olds got to vote.

In a further effort to divert policy issues from the political to the judicial arena, Justice Brennan fought a perpetual battle against the Burger Court with respect to "standing." *United States* v. *Richardson* (1984) illustrates the problem. There a taxpayer *as such* challenged an act of Congress which provided that CIA expenditures may not be made public. In the plaintiff's view this violated the constitutional provision (Article 1, section 9) that "a regular statement of Accounts of the Receipts and Expenditures of all public money shall be published from time to time." The Court found plaintiff had no standing to sue since his was only "a generalized grievance" shared by "all members of the public." The remedy for such grievances was the political process. Justice Brennan dissented:

> The "standing" of a plaintiff to be heard on a claim of invasion of his alleged legally protected right is established, in my view, by his good-faith allegation that "the challenged action has caused injury in fact" [with] respect of his right as a citizen to know how Congress was spending the public fisc [and] as a voter to receive information to aid his decision how and for whom to vote. These claims may ultimately fail on the merits but Richardson has "standing" to assert them.

Justice Lewis F. Powell—his brother Brennan's chief opponent on standing—responded in this famous passage:

> . . . we risk a progressive impairment of the effectiveness of the federal courts if their limited resources are diverted increasingly from their historic role to the resolution of public-interest suits brought by litigants who cannot distinguish themselves from all taxpayers or all citizens. The irreplaceable value of the power articulated by Mr. Chief Justice Marshall lies in the protection it has afforded the constitutional rights and liberties of *individual citizens and minority groups against oppressive or discriminatory government action.* It is this role, not some amorphous general supervision of the operations of government, that has maintained public esteem for the federal courts and has permitted the peaceful coexistence of the counter-majoritarian implications of judicial review and the democratic principles upon which our Federal Government in the final analysis rests.

The considerations outlined above underlie, I believe, the traditional hostility of the Court to federal taxpayer or citizen standing where the

* One of the flaws of one-man-one-vote is that, requiring equally populated legislative districts, it ignores gerrymandering. It requires merely that gerrymandered districts satisfy the uniform-size rule. Thus, as sophisticated observers have pointed out again and again, the 1990 governorship races in California and Texas, for example, were critical because unless Republican governors were elected, Democrats would control redistricting—read gerrymandering—under the 1990 census. One-man-one-vote was a great public-relations ploy by the Warren Court, but one that promised more than it has yet delivered.

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> plaintiff has nothing at stake other than his interest as a taxpayer or citizen. It merits noting how often and how unequivocally the Court has expressed its antipathy to efforts to convert the judiciary into an open forum for the resolution of political or ideological disputes about the performance of government. [Emphasis added]

It is true that Justice Brennan's efforts on behalf of free speech and press were remarkable; there he stood with the giants.* But free utterance is a device to facilitate policy-making by "we the people" and our elected representatives. Hence the great paradox of Justice Brennan's career: he sharpened the basic tool of democracy, yet most of his other major efforts were calculated to frustrate policy-making by the democratic process. "We the people" had freedom of utterance with respect to capital punishment and abortion, for example, and we made our choices. Justice Brennan repudiated them. How different was Brandeis. He too fought hard for free speech. But he also fought hard to safeguard the legislation that it produced—even when that legislation offended his own sensibilities.

ALONE among those who govern in America, Supreme Court Justices are neither politically nor judicially accountable for their edicts. Some of them—mindful of the blinding, the corrupting effect of unbridled power—try conscientiously to resist temptation. Other less inhibited Justices apparently feel duty bound to improve the law—which entails remaking our world in their image. The rationale is ancient and ubiquitous: the law is out of joint and so are the people and processes charged with putting it straight. This—the Brennan legacy—desecrates an old liberal tradition. It was not Edwin Meese after all but Thomas Jefferson who condemned the Justices for opposing "the common sense of the nation" and for making the Constitution "a thing of wax which they may twist and shape into any form they please." It was Abraham Lincoln, echoing Jefferson and Andrew Jackson, who argued that

> . . . the candid citizen must confess that if the policy of the Government upon vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, the instant they are made in ordinary litigation between parties in personal actions, the people will have ceased to be their own rulers . . . .

It was the Progressive historians, inspired by the Populists, who condemned constitutional law as a sham. It was Woodrow Wilson who charged the Supreme Court with having made itself "a constitutional convention in continuous session." It was Brandeis who said:

> [A judge] may advise; he may persuade; but he may not command or coerce. He does coerce when without convincing the judgment he overcomes the will by the weight of his authority.

And it was the New Deal "Court fight" in 1937 that drove the Justices "back to the Constitution" (for a while). Now Brennanism repudiates this age-old liberal heritage in favor of what (when Brennan was younger) liberals ridiculed as "judicial supremacy" and the "divine right of judges."

The problem for activists like Justice Brennan is not, as alleged, that the Constitution is unclear. The real difficulty is that what the Founders wrote (highlighted by what they did not write) is all too clear. They simply did not write a lot of things some people think they should have written.

The Constitution's basic concern is the structure and process of government. Indeed, there is very little else in it. For the Founders knew the futility of trying to legislate for future generations. In that sense Justice Brennan was right; there is little law in the Constitution. In very large measure it leaves substantive policy issues for resolution by "we the people" via constitutionally prescribed procedures. Unlike the Founders, however, impatient activists of whatever vintage insist upon constitutionalizing their moral values. Yet as a standard for adjudication, Justice Brennan's "lodestar of our aspirations"—like "brotherhood and human dignity"—is unintelligible. If it really is the key to the Constitution, we have no Constitution, and we are back to where we were in 1930 when Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes observed:

> As the decisions now stand, I see hardly any limit but the sky to the invalidating of those rights [of self-government] if they happen to strike a majority of this Court for any reason as undesirable.

Justice Brennan is a man of noble purpose, high intelligence, plus legendary wit and charm. He led a revolution that changed our world. But his revolution was imposed from above. The American electorate played no part and had no choice. If this is democracy and human dignity at work, what is dictatorship?

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* E.g., *Roth* v. *United States* (1957); *New York Times* v. *Sullivan* (1964); *Paris Adult Theater* v. *Slaton* (1973).

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Break, Break, Break
A Story

Felicia Ackerman

"NO, THANKS, it's too early in the day for me," Dean Nakamura told the waiter, raising her eyebrows a bit; so of course Stephen Ferris couldn't have a drink, either. But food attracted him more—it always did—and now he was ordering the most voluptuous foods on the faculty-club lunch menu: fettuccine Alfredo and garlic bread. "And oh, yes," he added before the waiter could turn away. "I'd also like cream of tomato soup, a bowl, please."

"Nice to see you have such a hearty appetite, Professor Ferris," the dean said in a pleasant tone, and Stephen, conscious of the paunch that made him sit conspicuously back from the table, wished he had the courage to say equally pleasantly that it was nice to see his appetite being so carefully monitored. He glanced around the room, wondering what else was being monitored. Maybe people thought the new dean of faculty was eating alone with him because she wanted his experienced advice about some university matter. And maybe she did; why shouldn't he tell himself that as long as he could? It might even be true, and besides, he had found that if he imagined something tenaciously enough, he could often come to believe it. In a way. It worked best when he was at ease, though.

"So when can we expect to see your Tennyson book?" Dean Nakamura was asking. Her face had an anonymous, generic prettiness that reminded Stephen of how, when he had come to California from the Midwest thirty-one years ago, all Orientals really did look alike to him. Now it was all deans who looked alike, all three of the university's women deans, anyway, with their well-tended haircuts, efficient, attractive faces, and slim, ostentatiously healthy bodies. Probably they all were joggers, certainly not smokers like him. And they were all over a decade his junior, and any two put together quite possibly weighed less.

"The book will be finished soon," Stephen said, hoping she wouldn't ask how soon or point out that it had already taken nearly fifteen years. But of course she did both these things, her tone pleasant as ever; so he said, "A life's work is supposed to last a lifetime," only to realize that this didn't sound right at all. Hadn't the dean published her two-volume study of sociological survey techniques before she was forty? Through the window behind her head, he could see a high cloud, soft and white as a bedsheet. As his bedsheet. A wave of exhaustion threatened him, and it suddenly seemed almost miraculous that before the sun rose again, he would have a whole night under the covers, where even in his dreams he could smell the honeysuckle outside his bedroom. How lucky he was; how incredibly fortunate was everyone in this room, everyone in the world, to be able to spend one-third of life in bed! He felt sorry for poets who called sleep oblivion. His dreams, so often, were wonderful and vivid. So many nights he was important and powerful, admired and loved, and now the prospect gave him strength to tell the dean he had a number of Tennyson articles about to be sent off for publication, and to assure himself he wasn't actually lying; zero was a number.

"Why don't you send me copies? I'd like to read them. I'm fond of Tennyson myself," said the dean, and Stephen silently replied, I'll bet. But then she gazed past him with a strange little smile and recited softly, " 'But who hath seen her wave her hand?/Or at the casement seen her stand?/Or is she known in all the land,/The Lady of Shalott?' "

So I was right that there's nothing to fear; she just wants to talk about Tennyson, Stephen thought with such a rush of giddy relief that his voice trembled slightly as he supplied the next lines of the poem. And soon the waiter came, bearing Stephen's soup and garlic bread like a gift. Immediately Stephen took a spoonful of soup and felt warmth course through his body; at least in this way his circulation could hardly be better. And who were those fools without the sense to see why heart patients broke their diets? Once he had read an Ann Landers column headlined "A heart-attack survivor with a death wish," and he'd been tempted to write and tell her how ridiculous it was to suppose you needed a death wish to eat T-bone steak and chocolate cream pie; didn't she have any taste buds? Didn't she know that rich food made bad days bearable and good days glorious?

"I've been betrayed by time," he said, dipping his spoon into the soup again.

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"Is that also from Tennyson?" the dean asked.

"Oh, no," said Stephen, but now he was holding his spoon unsteadily in mid-air, sending orange soup droplets onto the white tablecloth. He put the spoon hastily back in the bowl. "Did it ever occur to you that one could write a social history of academic life by studying changing patterns of faculty-club eating behavior over the past half-century?" he said.

"No," said the dean.

Stephen was sorry he had started on this line. He particularly regretted the "half-century," which might suggest he had been hanging around faculty clubs for that long, although, he reminded himself, surely the dean would know better. "In the good old days, you could look fifty-eight when you were fifty-eight," he said. "You could be overweight. You could smoke." He had been aiming for the detached, urbane air of a social critic, but he heard his voice coming out bitter and almost whiny. He took a deep breath and tried to lighten his tone. "You didn't have to live as if you were in training for the Olympics. Intellectuals cultivated the mind, not the body," he finished, and resumed eating his soup.

"The good old days weren't so good." Dean Nakamura's voice was flat as a slap. "I was born in an internment camp in Arizona."

"How terrible," said Stephen, thinking how unfair it was of the dean to play such a trump card. Was he really expected to consider this hotshot an underdog because of where she was born? Clearly, the conversation had been going downhill since "The Lady of Shalott." "Do you know 'Idylls of the King'?" he asked, starting on his garlic bread and realizing a moment later that he could have pointed out that having a paunch didn't exactly mean you were the type to lock up Japanese-Americans in internment camps. He considered saying this anyway, accompanied by an ironic little remark about how he was apt to come up with a rejoinder just a trifle too late. But he quickly discarded the idea. This obviously wasn't his day for ironic little remarks.

"Very apropos of this conversation," the dean was saying. " 'The old order changeth, yielding place to new.' Not that I'm pretending to be a Tennyson scholar," she added with a disarming flutter of her hand. "You'd catch me out in a flash. I've just been quoting some bits I know."

STEPHEN had read about police interrogations that paired a nasty cop with a nice one. Now he wondered whether the dean was trying to play both parts herself. He watched her spear a mushroom in her salad and noticed that she wore a moonstone ring. The sight gave him a jolt. A moonstone ring had been his fourteenth-anniversary present to his wife—now his ex-wife, another way time had betrayed him. He had married Paula expecting to take care of her in the old manner, and she had wanted that, too. They had both wanted a life of poetry, privacy, and possessiveness about each other; his good fortune had amazed him. When she decided to take up painting, it had seemed an extra blessing. He loved her paintings. He was surprised they never sold, but he grew to enjoy comforting her. But then the 70's had come, and Paula joined a women's consciousness-raising group and started graduate school, turning slowly but implacably into a feminist art-therapist who in the end announced that she was leaving him. "I want to support my sisters," she said, and for an instant there he thought she meant her own sisters, who were older and prettier and had never been kind to her. "Why would you want to support Isobel and Barbara? When did they ever support you?" he had nearly asked. "Why did you decide to become a dean?" he asked Dean Nakamura now. "I mean, speaking of the old order changing. . . ."

"There were two reasons," said the dean, stabbing an olive. Academic administration had always interested her, and she wanted greater visibility as a role model.

Stephen managed not to wince. "Role model" might be everywhere these days, but he'd heard it first from Paula. Had she learned it in her consciousness-raising group? They had certainly learned plenty from her. Somewhere in the Bay area there were half-a-dozen women who knew that Stephen Ferris's blood-pressure pills made it difficult for him to maintain an erection.

"I try to keep one day a week for my own research," Dean Nakamura continued, "but it's no easy matter combining research and administration. Do you find it hard to combine research and teaching?"

He almost smiled. Whenever he gave examinations, he included one question any idiot could answer, and now the world was returning the courtesy. "I find that teaching and research complement each other," he said, feeling as if he were giving a speech at Parents' Weekend. "I love teaching," he said, and it was true. Who wouldn't love expounding on his favorite subject to his sole remaining audience, an audience that was not only captive, but obliged to be at least minimally polite and attentive? And that asked just the right kind of question—stimulating, but answerable without undue effort. He had not prepared new lecture notes in more than a decade. Year after year, his lectures hardly varied; they were an annual celebration of his favorite poetry. And the students had seemed to like them and like him. Until last spring. But he wasn't going to think about last spring. Their waiter was approaching, this time with the main course. But no sooner had he set the plates down and gone away than the dean remarked, in the sort of carefully even tone Stephen's father had used for explaining sex, that she gathered Stephen hadn't published anything in over ten years.

"I am not the type of academic who believes in publication for publication's sake." Stephen took a forkful of fettuccine. "Besides, I told you, I'm about to send off a number of articles," he added, thinking that his current moral code held

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that misleading statements weren't as bad as outright lies. A compromise in order to deal with a world of hostile questioners, he frequently reassured himself, and sometimes almost an interesting challenge, although not today. "Did you hear about the university where they stack every professor's publications in a pile and measure each pile with a ruler? Somewhere in the Midwest, it's supposed to be," he said, watching the dean eat her chicken.

"Yes, that's a popular story," said the dean. Her eyes were shiny and dark, like pebbles under water. Break, break, break,/On thy cold gray stones, O Sea! Stephen thought. It was the first Tennyson poem he had ever learned, back in seventh grade, when any verse you memorized turned into a jingle. "Why haven't you been publishing?" the dean was asking.

Stephen knew why. He had always delighted in the start of a project, when ideas swirled like colored streamers and anything seemed possible, before revising and refining became as tedious and exhausting as swimming in a weed-choked pond. For years he had managed to see his papers through to the end, rewarding himself for each completed article with a special meal or weekend trip with Paula. Then she left him, and he decided he wasn't going to be one of those ferociously well-adjusted paragons who took adversity in stride, getting on with their lives as if disaster hardly mattered. Certainly he hadn't wanted to look for another woman as though Paula could be replaced like a cat that had died. And he'd felt entitled to take a break from publishing. Why compound catastrophe with drudgery? Shouldn't misfortune justify self-indulgence, at least for a while? But later, when he tried to get back to publishing—and he still sometimes tried—he found that he couldn't. He supposed this meant that on some level he no longer wanted to, not enough to get him through the hard parts. He had grown too accustomed to languor and to spending his free hours daydreaming, reading poetry, and eating. And imagining endless future paths for his research; often he could still believe he would one day find the magic topic that would not clog his mind with a gluey layer of fatigue once he got past the agreeable early stages. In the twelve years since Paula's departure, he had gained seventy-five pounds, started a dozen never-finished articles, and developed a repertoire of fantasies that were enticing and always ready for consumption, like fresh pastries on a tray. Most were fantasies he could tell himself would someday come true, fantasies about discovering lost Tennyson manuscripts, writing important books, or being reunited with Paula, wondrously transformed into the old Paula, who read poetry with him and painted fields of flowers on the bedroom walls. Other fantasies were too preposterous for any sort of belief, but irresistible nonetheless. Frequently he imagined having tea with Tennyson, who was gently amused to hear that nowadays it was not enough to enjoy poetry; you had to write critical studies of it as well. Or instead. And when Stephen told Tennyson that the latest fashion was to center these critical studies on race and what people seemed to like to call gender, Tennyson assumed this was a joke and replied that as long as Stephen still had his sense of humor, the situation could hardly be unbearable. All these scenes Stephen would envision in detail, down to the expression in Paula's eyes and the color of Tennyson's cravat. And often, after teaching his classes, Stephen would go driving along the coast, giving himself over entirely to his daydreams, and for hours he would be happy, so much happier than anyone glancing at the surface of his life would ever suppose. Just when had the idea slithered into his head that the contempt of his colleagues might be a small price to pay for doing whatever he wanted, all the time, for the rest of his life?

"I believe in perfecting my work," he said. "I am not the type of academic who is willing to compromise his standards in order to publish."

And was the contempt of his colleagues such a small price to pay? There was no shortage of contempt; that much was certain, even if he usually managed to avoid thinking about it. Once he had overheard another professor call him a mental and physical wreck, and he'd felt like screaming that he wasn't, really wasn't, a mental wreck, and as long as the blood was circulating adequately to his brain, what business was it of his colleagues if he was a physical wreck? But he knew the obvious rejoinder: the blood *wasn't* circulating adequately to his brain, not in the only way that counted here, the way that resulted in publications. Soon after that, he got into the habit of pretending he had to use the second-floor men's room on the way to his third-floor office; he hoped this would hide his wanting a break before tackling the next steep flight of stairs. He decided against combing his hair over his bald spot, though. People couldn't blame you for going bald. And just last week, he had learned about the graduate students' joke that ending up like Stephen Ferris was the worst thing that could happen to a professor; so all the English-department bigshots probably hung pictures of him in their studies at home to keep themselves plugging away.

"I AM pleased to be able to tell you," said Dean Nakamura, "that we can offer a special arrangement for faculty in your situation," and for a moment Stephen actually thought she would offer something good—an extra sabbatical, maybe, or a reduced teaching load at full pay. But she was offering to reduce his teaching load to zero. At retirement pay. And it wasn't exactly an offer.

It was like being pushed underwater; you had to make it to the surface before you could begin to focus on who had shoved you below and why. Stephen's fork clattered from his fingers to the floor, but he ignored this except to put his suddenly shaking hands in his lap. "I don't want to retire," he said. His voice, at least, was fairly

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steady. "I need the stimulation of teaching in order to do my research. I love teaching. I'm a good teacher. . . ."

"Oh, come now." The dean's face was calm, reminding Stephen of a quotation he had once read and never forgotten: "We all have strength enough to endure the misfortunes of others." "After last spring, . . ." the dean was saying.

"Last spring wasn't my fault." Stephen longed for more fettuccine, but, with his fork on the floor, what could he do? Requesting a replacement would call the dean's attention to his clumsiness, and besides, no waiter was nearby. He took a gulp of water and felt oddly invigorated. "What I said was true. My feminist students did turn in paint-by-numbers papers like the parodies in that book, *One Hundred All-Purpose Essay-Question Answers: C- Guaranteed or Your Money Back.* Instead of going, 'Blank is a major part of our civilization. Blank has been important since the time of the Greeks,' the feminist papers I got went, 'Blank has been construed exclusively on the male model. We need more awareness of women's contributions to blank, more awareness of the female, relationship-centered approach to blank, instead of the male, rule-dominated approach.'"

"Yes, I know what you thought about those papers," said the dean with what struck Stephen as an exaggerated display of patience. "The whole country knows."

"And am I to blame that one of those students had a brother who wrote for *Newsweek* and needed material for an article on conflicts on campus?" Stephen replied as sharply as he dared. "You can't push me into early retirement for that. It's political suppression, not to mention, uh, age discrimination. It used to be the Left that got suppressed. Now it's the Left that's doing the suppressing. Do you know what the definition of moral courage is nowadays? It's going for a job interview at a big-name university and wearing a button that says 'Stop Abortion.'"

"Let's just focus on what came out about your teaching in the aftermath of the *Newsweek* story." She looked at his plate. "Do you need a fork?"

Yes, and I also need a dean who isn't trying to force me out of my job. Stephen still felt surprisingly energetic. "When people start hunting for dirt, they're bound to find it," he said. "No one's life can hold up under that sort of scrutiny. It's like—like what happens in political campaigns when candidates go digging for dirty secrets about their opponents, and of course they come up with something. If—"

"The cases are hardly similar." Dean Nakamura had finished eating and was laying her utensils quietly on her plate. "Do you deny that you've been giving the same lectures for over ten years and that you only make sketchy comments on students' papers?"

"Yes, I do deny it." And that wasn't strictly a lie, because it was true that he was making a denial, wasn't it? "I . . . give each paper the comments it needs. Some papers need a lot and some don't."

"What about your not keeping your office hours?" the dean went on.

"That's a lie!" Stephen said truthfully, but so loudly that two people entering the room turned and stared. One was his chairman, a small man with large, light blue eyes, and the other was the chairman of the history department. Stephen pronounced the second "chairman" defiantly in his mind, since the history chairman was a woman, and he had never been willing to say "chairperson." Not only was the term a symbol of the new order that had betrayed him, but its obtrusiveness made him irritatingly aware of its structure. He pictured a chairperson on the model of a centaur—person from the waist up, chair from the waist down. And did he just imagine now that his chairman and the dean exchanged glances across the room? Of course his chairman would know the agenda for this lunch. He had undoubtedly been in on it from the beginning. "I always keep my office hours," Stephen said. He was struggling to speak in a normal tone, but knowing that people would lie to destroy him shocked him deeply. It meant there was no check on what they would say. "That's a perfect example of how people who want ammunition are apt to make up—"

"And what about the minority students who say you're insensitive to their point of view?"

"I treat them the same way I treat everyone else." Stephen's hands were twisting his napkin under the table. He wanted a cigarette but figured he was in enough trouble already. "There's a Mark Chen in my department who's probably going to write his Ph.D. thesis on Tennyson," he said, not mentioning that if Mark asked Stephen to direct his dissertation, he would be the first student to do so in nine years. "Someone asked him why he was studying English literature instead of his own heritage, and he said, 'Everything is everyone's heritage.' Do you think he would say I'm insensitive to his point of view?"

"That's not the point of view I mean."

"Well, the kind of student you mean just doesn't like me since I was quoted in the *Daily* as saying that students should be admitted here without regard to race," Stephen said. "Since when does saying that something should be done without regard to race make you a racist?"

"Since about 1970," said the dean. "'The old order changeth, yielding place to new.'"

So I'm supposed to be a racist, am I? Stephen thought, glancing at the dean's serene, lovely face. Well, if I have the name, I might as well play the game, you . . . *gook,* he imagined saying. But the word seemed nonsensical, an empty syllable, and come to think of it, maybe the term wasn't "gook," after all. Maybe it was "geek." He couldn't even make it as a racist! He didn't know the words! And now the dean was gazing past him, surveying her domain: table after

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table of productive and politically correct professors. "Why did you decide to do this here?" he asked abruptly.

"Excuse me?" said the dean.

"Why here as if this were just a nice social lunch? Was that supposed to . . . to smooth it over or something? Or did you just figure it would go smoothly here because I'd be afraid to make a public scene? Well, I'll have you know. . . ." His voice rose, but the thrill of release lasted only a moment. "You can't force me out," he said softly. "I have tenure."

The dean took a long drink of water.

"That's the point of tenure," Stephen said.

"We're prepared to offer you very favorable terms," said the dean, "the same pension you would get if you retired at sixty-five, continued health coverage, and—"

"The only terms I'll accept are terms that will let me keep my job." Stephen's burst of vigor had faded. His exhaustion was returning and his eyes stung, making him feel as vulnerable and exposed as a peeled tomato. He had a wild impulse to throw himself on the dean's mercy and say, Please, please stop right now, and we'll pretend this never happened. I'll write my book. I'll watch what I say. I will do anything. But who would have mercy nowadays on an aging white male professor, a mental and physical wreck, who for over a decade had published nothing and barely even altered his lectures? Paula hadn't had any, eight years ago when he had the heart attack and telephoned her, begging her to visit him in the hospital. "It could be the last time you ever see me. Can't you even pretend you care?" he had said. "You don't want me to live a lie, do you?" she had replied.

"Actually," Dean Nakamura was contemplating her half-empty water glass with apparent fascination, "tenure guarantees only so much. Nothing in the university rules says how many classes you'll have to teach, or which ones. Your course load can be doubled. We can give your literature courses to other people and never let you teach anything but freshman-composition classes. We can—"

"But how could you want to treat me like this?" Stephen cried.

"I don't want to." Dean Nakamura was still looking at her water glass, but her face was becoming faintly flushed. "Please believe me that I don't like doing this."

"Then don't do it," said Stephen.

"But it's all for the best," said the dean.

"For whom?" said Stephen.

"For everyone," said the dean.

"Then why don't you like doing it?" asked Stephen.

"Because *you* can't see that it's all for the best," said the dean. "Believe me, there's no place for you here anymore."

"Only if you deny me one." Stephen's throat felt gritty and dry.

"You've denied yourself one through your own behavior," said the dean, "although of course the economy also plays a part. You know about the budget crisis. You know we have to reduce our faculty by 10 percent. So we have no choice but to . . . encourage early retirement in cases where it will be mutually beneficial. What would you have us do instead, institute a hiring freeze or deny even our best young people tenure?"

"Yes," Stephen said. "I already have tenure. It's supposed to protect my job, and I don't want to retire."

"I understand how you feel," said the dean, "but—"

"No," Stephen said, "you don't understand. Anyway, who wants understanding without . . . ?" But he had decided not to mention mercy; there was no mercy for the unworthy, he thought dizzily. "You won't be able to get away with this," he said. "I'll go to the AAUP and my lawyer."

"We've already consulted ours."

"I HAVE a class now," Stephen said. And he rose from the chair and walked out of the room, out of the faculty club, and out onto the campus. Above the hill, the sun blazed yellow, the color of brilliance, the color of light. I'll fight it, he said to himself; I'll fight and I'll win even if my lawyer loses, because a fantasy life always wins; mind over matter; the brain is wider than the sky, Emily Dickinson says. But mightn't self-deception need some small basis in the facts—a job, at least, classes, an office to go to? And without these, what would there be to keep him from spending all his days in bed, until the bed became his enemy and his dreams turned into nightmares? Perhaps he should leave this city, Stephen thought, starting up the hill toward the classroom that now seemed fiery and remote as the sun; perhaps he should leave this place with its inevitable reminders and go where he could set himself up as a distinguished retired scholar, Costa Rica, maybe, where he had read the warmth was eternal and Americans lived like kings. But he wanted to be a professor, not a king. He didn't know Spanish. He loved his house with its view of the hills and with Paula's wildflower murals still on the bedroom walls. Besides—how could he have forgotten—wasn't he supposed to be a racist? What color were the Costa Ricans, anyway? I'll work it out, he told himself, panting; fantasy never fails me. The brain is deeper than the sea. But then he felt thunder in his chest and lightning down his arm and terror everywhere, too much terror to walk, too much terror to breathe. And who were those healthy thirty-year-olds who said you weren't supposed to be afraid of death? This is it, his mind gasped, and he tried to think: at least, Dean Nakamura will be sorry. But he couldn't really believe that; he could even envision her saying it was all for the best, just as people had said when his father died after the stroke, when his mother died after the cancer, just as they said about the death of anyone who had no reason left for living except for wanting to, so desperately wanting to.

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Sinology in Crisis

Charles Horner

Fang Lizhi is an astrophysicist who is the closest thing there is to a Chinese Sakharov. After the Chinese government's murderous suppression of the democracy movement in July 1989, Fang spent about a year inside the American embassy until he was allowed to leave for Britain. Before his departure, he wrote an essay in which he discusses the "technique of forgetting history." It is, he says, a Chinese Communist device "to force the whole country to forget its history . . . to coerce all of society into a continuing forgetfulness." His immediate concern is that the details of the Tiananmen massacre will fade, but his point is larger:

> If inside China, the whole of society has been coerced into forgetfulness by the authorities, in the West the act of forgetting can be observed in the work of a number of influential writers who have consciously ignored history and have willingly complied with the "standardized public opinion" of the Communists' censorial system.

What gives Fang's point all the more weight is that throughout China's modern history, Westerners have had a special custodial responsibility for that country's cultural and historical memories. For upheaval, followed by chaos, followed by totalitarianism made the traditional homegrown scholarly pursuits difficult, if not impossible. Yet in the past forty years, the Western Sinological community, convinced on the whole that the Communist takeover in 1949 ushered in a better regime than the one it successfully overthrew, has been more than passively complicit in the process Fang describes.

To be sure, a new attitude toward the Beijing regime has been created by the events of June 1989, not only among American Sinologists but among American intellectuals generally. A measure of this change is that a generation ago, one mark of a truly enlightened American was his insistence that his government "stop pretending that China doesn't exist." Now, as likely as not, he is apt to complain that the present Republican President is just too soft on Chinese Communism. But it remains to be seen whether this sudden new propensity to tell something of the truth about post-1949 China will persist and whether it will issue in some serious revaluation of the Sinologists' past illusions and mistakes.

How bad was it, then, in pre-Tiananmen days? As always, where Western attitudes toward Communist regimes are concerned, one is grateful to Paul Hollander's book *Political Pilgrims* for collecting the assessments of the typical visitor. Thus David Rockefeller once praised China for producing "dedicated administration, . . . high morale, . . . community of purpose." Simone de Beauvoir called life in China "exceptionally pleasant." Felix Greene thought "there was no jockeying for power or personal rivalry" in Beijing as there was in the Kremlin.

But these, after all, were laymen who were not necessarily supposed to know any better. What about a group from whom one would expect more—people steeped in the history and the language of China, and supported in their studies by great universities, rich foundations, and the federal treasury? Of these, probably the single most representative figure was Professor Emeritus John K. Fairbank of Harvard, who was also the most influential figure in the development of China studies in America. Back in 1972, after President Nixon established conspicuous political relations with China, Fairbank was asked by *Foreign Affairs* to provide the long view, which he did in an article whose conclusion was that "the Maoist revolution is on the whole the best thing that has happened to the Chinese people in centuries."

It is noteworthy that by the time Fairbank pronounced this confident judgment, the worst excesses of the Maoist regime were already on the record and, considering China's self-enforced isolation, reasonably well-documented. For example, there was the careful interviewing of Chinese refugees by Miriam and Ivan London, whose work in the aggregate produced a picture radically at variance with the conventional Sinophilia of the time. Moreover, in 1971, the Senate Judiciary Committee had published a minor, though unheralded, classic, 28 pages long, entitled "The Human Cost of Communism in China" and written by Richard Walker, then a professor at the University of South Carolina. Walker's estimates of "casualities to Communism in China" ranged between 34 and 64 *million*. In the years since, as more facts have been made known—many through casual admission by the Chinese government itself—Walker's work has held up very well. Even "mainstream" Sinologists will now quietly acknowledge it, although its implications for the profession's intellectual and *moral* standards these past decades have yet to be squarely faced.

Indeed, it was not the academic experts but a number of journalists (themselves exceptional within the media world) who first challenged the kind of attitude expressed in

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Fairbank's *Foreign Affairs* article of 1972. In the late 1970's Fox Butterfield of the New York *Times* and John Fraser of the Toronto *Globe and Mail* pioneered in reporting on Chinese dissidence. In 1982, Butterfield in particular published *China: Alive in the Bitter Sea*, which marked a revolution in foreign commentary about China. Since he had been Beijing bureau chief for the *Times*, as well as a student of Chinese history, and since he had proper credentials and background, his forthright account of what he had learned from individual Chinese about the real character of life in the People's Republic could not easily be dismissed. The book has recently been reissued[1] and serves as a useful backdrop to a group of new volumes which carry the imprint of the 1989 Beijing massacres and the subsequent repressions.

Steven W. Mosher's *China Misperceived: From American Illusions to Chinese Reality*[2] is a good starting point in the examination of these new books, for his dissection of "ideological flights of fancy" among scholars, academics, and others has a *prima-facie* plausibility that would have been unappreciated even eighteen months ago.

Mosher himself, now the director of the Asian Studies Center at the Claremont Institute in California, once seemed destined for conventional Sinology. He left the Navy in 1973 to take up the study of China in Hong Kong and Taiwan, and later went on to work on a dissertation at Stanford. When in 1979 he departed for field research in China, he was, he says, "favorably disposed toward the Communist revolution," which, he then believed, "had created a society that was egalitarian, just, unselfish, and liberated." But his observations of the harsh realities of China's village life changed his mind. In the end his relationship with Stanford was also poisoned; in something of an academic *cause célèbre*, the university severed its ties with him, preferring instead to maintain relations with a Chinese regime bent on punishing Mosher for his criticisms of its social practices.

Mosher's subject was China's birth-control programs and their coercive aspects, especially forced abortions, and the controversy proved prophetic, since his criticisms seem finally to have been accepted by mainstream demographers. In *Slaughter of the Innocents*,[3] John Aird, formerly a senior China specialist at the U.S. Census Bureau and a contributor to the Congressional Joint Economic Committee's periodic reports on China, has produced a history of China's birth-control programs which confirms Mosher's earlier assessment. Aird's provocative title is justified by his highly detailed review of the available evidence, and his dispassionate methodology—some 70 pages of footnotes to about 110 pages of text—makes his indictment doubly devastating.

Thus Mosher was ahead of his time, even as his colleagues are now trying to catch up. Happily, his new book, which assembles many embarrassing pronouncements about China, is right up to date. Indeed, it now seems likely that many in the Sinological profession who previously did nothing but condescend to tough criticisms of Chinese Communism will merely coopt some of his outlook, implying that they, too, shared his skepticism about the Chinese regime all along.

BUT leaning on a "heretic" like Mosher is not necessary, since it is now possible to come to an emphasis on China's political deficiencies through a much safer and more acceptable academic route. A case in point is Andrew Nathan, a professor of political science at Columbia, whose earlier interest in China concerned warlords in the 1920's and factionalism within the Communist party in later decades. (His wife, Roxane Witke, wrote a biography of Jiang Qing, Mao Zedong's widow and the most famous member of the "Gang of Four.") Now, in a collection of his essays called *China's Crisis: Dilemmas of Reform and Prospects for Democracy*,[4] Nathan offers an analysis essentially derived from Tocqueville's famous aphorism about the dangers faced by an incompetent dictatorship when it attempts to reform itself. As he sees it, the political dissidence of the 1980's originated in Deng Xiaoping's economic reforms. There was at the same time, in Nathan's view, a growing American interest in Chinese human-rights abuses made possible by the openness of the American political system to Chinese students in the United States (Deng's reforms having allowed thousands of Chinese to study here). A gradual deterioration of relations thus took place between the students here and the regime there, and then a subsequent deterioration in relations between the regime and intellectuals at home.

The "democracy movement" in China was also convoluted. According to Nathan, many of the activists had a quite limited agenda, and were not interested in challenging the basic validity of "socialism." Others wanted a more modern regime, better suited to managing the rapid economic growth initiated by Deng's "four modernizations" of 1979. Inside the government itself, many of the reformers wanted a transition from totalitarianism, but only to a "new authoritarianism." They cited South Korea, Singapore, and Taiwan as the kind of polity best suited to China's condition as a developing country. But at the same time, Taiwan, and to a lesser extent some of the others, were undergoing democratic revolutions of their own.

In assessing future prospects, Nathan seems to think that nothing much can happen until the American Political Science Association agrees upon the proper analytical model. There is no doubt, as Nathan writes, "that the large number of democratic transitions in recent years have required political scientists to develop new perspectives on the problem." It reminds one of the old saw about the bumblebee, whose ability to fly seemingly contradicts the laws of aerodynamics. The bee, of course, is ignorant of such paradigms, and

[1] Times Books, 492 pp., $24.95.
[2] Basic Books, 260 pp., $19.95.
[3] A.E.I. Press, 196 pp., $16.95.
[4] Columbia University Press, 242 pp., $24.50.

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flies on anyway. So, too, the benighted peoples of the world who, having had no seminars in comparative politics at any of our great universities, press ahead in their "Eurocentrism" and in their struggle for capitalism and democracy, even as professors assure them that such are impossible, even unworthy, aspirations.

UNTIL recently, Chinese themselves have been conspicuously absent from the discussion of these matters. Over the years, we had come to know the dissidents of the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. Some of them had become world figures in either literature or politics. But we had never been able to personalize China's situation in this way, and we had effectively no knowledge of any local heroes. No doubt this is a comment on both Chinese society and our own, but it is slowly starting to change; though we are far from having a comfortable Chinese perspective, there are at least things to read.

Liu Binyan, for example, is a sixty-five-year-old Chinese journalist who is now writer-in-residence at Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut. One way or another, he has been a victim of every major Chinese political "campaign" since 1957, but he was allowed to come to this country in 1988. *China's Crisis, China's Hope*[5] is based on five lectures he gave last year at Harvard.

Trends of political thought within the Chinese intelligentsia are not easy to categorize. The difficulty arises, in part, because the intellectuals sometimes think themselves the heirs of the scholar-mandarins who were the ruling group in imperial times by dint of greater learning and superior virtue, while at other times they think themselves heir to the reformist and revolutionary thinkers and activists of this century, who brought down the old order and struggled over what should replace it. But in all events, they are accustomed to a role as the nation's conscience, and are certainly used to a high standing and a degree of deference that their Westeren counterparts do not enjoy. It is quite clear that Mao and the party did not like them; as Liu stresses, the intellectuals were singled out for special brutalities and humiliations, not merely liquidation. But he also thinks that intellectuals often responded by even greater efforts to demonstrate their loyalty; at the least, China's intellectuals "were far more compliant" in their dealings with the Communist party than were their counterparts in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. And for quite a while, the Communist party retained its prestige among them.

For Liu, the problem is the alienation of the party from its own ideals, its various abuses which Liu and his cohort courageously exposed. Yet he seems not to have given up the hope "that the false can be turned into the genuine," that is, that the nominally democratic mechanisms of the state might someday become real. Liu is obviously a brave man who embodies more of a sensibility than he does a political program. He foresees a slow dissolution of the apparatus, but the changes he envisions are more of degree than of a fundamental kind.

It is therefore interesting to contrast the constrained hopes of this older survivor with the experiences of a man but a third his age. Shen Tong, now a biology student at Brandeis, was at age twenty-one one of the principal leaders of the Tiananmen demonstrations. In *Almost a Revolution* (written with Marianne Yen)[6] he has produced what seems to be the first book-length memoir by one of the important participants. Naturally talented academically—Shen survived the brutal national competition for a coveted spot at Beijing University—he is also politically precocious. He tells us that two of his grandparents committed suicide during the Cultural Revolution in 1966 rather than be "paraded in the village square wearing dunce caps and humiliating placards." Shen's father worked as a translator for China's Foreign Ministry. Born in 1968, with no direct experience of the worst of Mao's excesses, Shen is of the generation that takes the outer world rather than the condition of "preliberation" China as a standard. If, for the elders, China's circumstances are wonderously improved over those of a generation ago, younger Chinese know enough about Taiwan, Singapore, Hong Kong, or South Korea to turn these into relevant examples. Thus, by the time young Shen and his equally gifted colleagues showed up on the nation's finest, most prestigious, campus, their obviously brilliant though highly eclectic and undisciplined intellectualism seemed destined to be turned on the regime. The regime, of course, regarded them as ignorant ingrates.

Shen offers us a day-by-day account of the crisis as it developed from April 15, 1989—the day of the death of the highly regarded reformist premier Hu Yaobang—to the massacres of June 3-4, until his own escape from the country. In the students' efforts to assimilate almost every strand of Western thought no matter how contradictory the parts, in their intense debates among themselves, in the noble futility of their outburst, they called to mind Peking University in the 1920's, and the efforts then to work a comparable political miracle. But however historians measure this latest event, it is already part of world culture. Now that he is a free man, Shen tells us that he has met Lech Walesa, the Dalai Lama, Vaclav Havel, and even served as a grand marshal of the Martin Luther King Day parade in Atlanta. His compatriot, and the best known of the students, Wuer Kaixi, has also been to the Kennedy compound in Hyannis.

IT IS, then, likely that many thousands of young Chinese will settle in for the long haul here in the United States and that they will, in fact, have to achieve a proper balance between future political activity and the other ordinary business of living. They are apt to develop a complicated outlook as they attempt to keep their relationship to two widely separated countries in common focus. It is in this connection that Bette Bao Lord's *Legacies: A Chinese Mosaic*[7] has a particular

[5] Harvard University Press, 146 pp., $22.50.

[6] Houghton Mifflin, 342 pp., $19.95.

[7] Knopf, 245 pp., $19.95.

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interest, even beyond its obvious elegance and evocative power.

Mrs. Lord, Chinese by birth, is married to President Reagan's ambassador to China, Winston Lord, a man whose involvement in Chinese-American relations goes back to his work in 1971 as an aide to Henry Kissinger during the latter's now-fabled secret mission to China. Mrs. Lord, it will be remembered, is the author of the best-selling novel of a few years ago, *Spring Moon*, and former Ambassador Lord was conspicuous among the "new China lobby" for his outspoken criticism of President Bush's low-key response to the Tiananmen massacre.

Mrs. Lord had an interesting life even before all of this. In some respects, it foreshadowed the experiences that a newer generation of Chinese-Americans, and Chinese in America, seem destined to have. She was born in 1938 in Shanghai. Her family fled to the Chinese interior ahead of advancing Japanese armies. She left the country in 1946, accompanying her father, a Nationalist Chinese diplomat, to New York. The family did not return after the Communist takeover in 1949, and Mrs. Lord herself did not visit China until she was thirty-five; later, of course, she returned as the wife of the American ambassador.

Like so many of the extraordinary Chinese our country has come to know, she has a grasp of both cultural traditions at their highest. In particular, she has a great gift for marrying the English language to sensibilities it was not designed to depict. Her book is a collection both of brilliantly-done vignettes—renderings of personal tales she has been told—and, at the same time, a complex reflection on the meaning of these personal tragedies in the context of her own life in both her countries. This is thus a political book, in that it is designed to keep attention on the brutalities in China, but it is also a deeper rumination.

It may be that the latter part will be of greater interest over the longer run. For example, some have likened the arrival and the now seemingly indefinite stay of thousands of Chinese in our country to the flight of European intellectuals to America in the face of the Nazis, or even to the emigration of Jews from the Soviet Union. Whatever the differences in circumstances or scale, it is clear that the U.S. is now the home, and will remain the home, of some truly formidable people who will inevitably attain to positions of high standing. They will, of course, be Americans—indeed, exemplary Americans—and yet like other immigrants before them, they will retain a special interest in their ancestral homeland. How they will act on China, and how in turn that will influence that nation as a whole, remains to be seen. But we are aided in our understanding of how this might work itself out by Mrs. Lord, who reminds us that the methods will be intelligent and subtle.

As for professional students, analysts, and historians of China here in America, there is a ripple effect in the making. Just as the worldwide clamor for Western-style democratic capitalism has dissolved the conventional paradigms, the old enthusiasm of Sinologists for the New China may well have to bow to the testimony of those who have actually experienced it. And when recent events conspire to destroy the received interpretations of China's history, but before anything has yet appeared to replace them, the result can be striking.

For example, Professor Jonathan Spence of Yale is probably the man best suited to write the one-volume retrospective history of modern China. His past work has been unusually creative, insightful, even arresting, not at all in thrall to the reigning jargon. He has written about emperors, missionaries, foreign advisers, literary figures, dispossessed peasants. *The Search for Modern China*[8] would almost certainly have been the most significant synthesis yet written, and yet the reader—and maybe even the author, too—must now be unsatisfied by it.

A decade ago, in *The Gate of Heavenly Peace* (1981), all of Spence's skills were present in an account of China's last century as seen through lives of three representative intellectuals. The book had the style and the assurance of a man who knew where things were going and was pleased enough with the direction. But now a story once thought exciting turns out to be depressing even for Spence himself. It shows in the writing. In searching for modern China, Spence seems to find merely the same old violence, upheavals, natural disasters, famines, and wars, but not the ability to impose much redeeming social importance on them. Most of all there is the plain fact that today's China is no longer in the vanguard of anything. China was the great failure in the historic year 1989: no velvet revolution, no bamboo curtain demolished once-and-for-all, not even very much *glasnost*. It is almost as big a disappointment as Vietnam.

All this has had a sobering effect of the Sinologists, but the profession still is not ready for real revisionism, revisionism that would cast a new glance at Western imperialism, at the Chinese civil wars, at "Marxism-Leninism Mao Zedong Thought," at the global vitality of Western liberal values. Of course no such revisionist interpretation will be possible until the profession comes to terms with its own less than honorable past; on the evidence of at least some among this recent crop of books, Sinologists are still too far from engaging in that kind of—shall we call it?—"self-criticism."

[8] Norton, 876 pp., $29.95.

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A Neglected Conservative Thinker

Jerry Z. Muller

If we had an Index of Leading Cultural Indicators, the level to which our public culture has dropped might be charted by the fact that in the summer and autumn quarters of 1990, our dominant cultural elites were unable or unwilling to explain why the exhibition of photographs of a man with the handle of a bull whip in his anus should not be subsidized by the national government. Indeed, those who insisted that this was not an achievement worthy of collective support were angrily and contemptuously characterized by most of the cultural establishment as intellectual Neanderthals, too primitive to comprehend the nature of culture, which we were told must necessarily be committed to the exploration of ever-new areas of experience. This reveals a deficit of moral resources far deeper and more troubling than our more noted budget and trade deficits.

Perhaps the most acute analyst of the sources and consequences of this cultural deficit is the social critic Philip Rieff, whose work of the last four decades has warned repeatedly of the conflict between the dominant trends among modern intellectuals and the maintenance of moral decency. "If every limit can be seen as a limitation of personality, the question with which we may confront every opportunity is: after all, why not?," he has written. "Our smarts lead to more and more discoveries of exceptions to every rule. Such smartlichkeit cannot prevail over menschlichkeit without destroying it."

While Rieff has had his share of the honors which American academic life offers—in addition to a chair in sociology at the University of Pennsylvania, he has taught at Berkeley, Harvard, and Oxford, and has held prestigious lectureships at Yale, Princeton, and Columbia—his renown is hardly commensurate with his intellectual achievement. A decade and a half ago, Joseph Epstein referred to the title of Rieff's second book, *The Triumph of the Therapeutic*, as "prophetic," and indeed the phrase is now widely used—but with no sense of its provenance. For Philip Rieff is far from a household name, even in the most learned of households. While Allan Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind* was a best-seller, Rieff's *Fellow Teachers*, which made many of the same points with great poignancy some fifteen years earlier, has remained a hot tip.

Rieff's limited readership may be regretted, but it is not entirely a mystery. To begin with, there is his style. My initial exposure to Rieff came with *The Triumph of the Therapeutic*, and my first reaction was that it was a fascinating work, which merited translation into English. Rieff's subsequent books and essays have on the whole been even more difficult. Yet this difficulty is neither incidental not unintended. In challenging the unquestioned assumptions of the dominant culture of the academy, Rieff has adopted a style aphoristic, allusive, and ironic all at once. His Socratic approach leaves it to the reader to discover his key insights, which are less often stated outright than suggested by dramatic examples.

Since 1979, the University of Chicago Press has quietly, all too quietly, reissued Rieff's three major works—*Freud: The Mind of the Moralist* (1959); *Fellow Teachers: Of Culture and Its Second Death* (1973); and *The Triumph of the Therapeutic* (1966)—in new editions which include important subsequent reflections. They have gone virtually unreviewed. Now, thanks to Jonathan Imber, we have a new collection of his essays, first published in a variety of journals or as critical introductions to the writings of figures as diverse as the German Protestant theologian Adolf Harnack, the American sociologist Charles Horton Cooley, and Oscar Wilde.* While readers already convinced of Rieff's intellectual stature are very much in Imber's debt, his introduction to *The Feeling Intellect* is unfortunately likely to turn new readers away. Rather than providing a translation of key terms and a pathway into Rieff's concerns, Imber assumes a knowledge of what Rieff has written. Still, the publication of these collected essays, which span the last four decades, does offer an occasion to review the *oeuvre* of one of the most profound conservative minds in America, and to suggest that the intellectual and moral profit to be gained from his works merits the investment of time and mental energy they demand.

For the source of Rieff's central concern, one can turn to his 1952 review of Hannah Arendt's *The Origins of Totalitarianism*. In that book Rieff found the notion that the mass murders in Nazi Germany and Stalinist Russia were "a revelation of the abyss of possibility." "Man emancipated from his particularity becomes not human but demonic," he wrote. It is this presentiment—of the reality of the deeply embedded human inclination to do evil—which underlies much of Rieff's subsequent writing. The barrier that keeps men from sliding into the "abyss of possibility" Rieff calls "culture."

While most contemporary theorists have followed Clifford Geertz in stressing the aesthetic or symbolic nature of cultures, Rieff by contrast has insisted upon the centrality of *moral* demands in cultural systems. According to Rieff, cultures are based on a shared vision of ideal behavior, including behavior which is forbidden. Following common usage, he conceives of this

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* *The Feeling Intellect: Selected Writings*, edited and with an introduction by Jonathan Imber, University of Chicago Press, 401 pp., $19.95.

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shared vision in spatial terms: that which is most moral is "highest"; that which is absolutely forbidden is "lowest." The highest warrant for each cultural system Rieff calls its "god-terms"; forbidden behavior he terms the culture's "transgressive depths."

For Rieff, a morally desirable culture is one in which the system of moral demands is so deeply accepted by individuals that the evil instinctual possibilities of which men are always capable are generally felt to be repugnant: so repugnant that they are not even spoken of directly. Education is the process by which individuals internalize their culture's "consensus of shalt nots." The most important educational institution has traditionally been the family, where cultural authority is first instilled. Then, through creeds and institutions, individuals are trained in the necessary limitation of their possibilities. The proper role of those most versed in their culture's creed—intellectuals—is primarily to aid in the educative process by which our culturally acquired character keeps us from sliding individually or collectively into the "abyss of possibility."

Now, if much of Rieff's theory of culture sounds familiar, and even recalls the wisdom of the ages, that, by Rieff's reckoning, is all to the good. "I am glad to say that I have never had an original thought in my life," Rieff writes with rhetorical overstatement, "I owe my every thought to some predeceasor." It is part of Rieff's enterprise to recover—especially by a close reading of texts ranging from Plato and the Bible through Freud and Kafka—the wisdom that is too often forgotten in contemporary social theory and academic education. Indeed, it is precisely such wisdom which, according to Rieff, his "cultured" contemporaries are least likely to have, and which in today's institutions of higher education they are least likely to obtain. For the ironic message which pervades Rieff's work is that modern culture has become not higher but lower; that much of higher education has a lowering effect; and that the growth of a cultural elite which disdains the need to resist transgression and temptation, or which regards such things as primitive "taboos," has contributed to the spread, precisely, of primitivism.

IN THIS process Freud has played a key if ambiguous role. For almost four decades, Freud has been the most frequent subject of Rieff's inquiries. His *Freud: The Mind of the Moralist* remains his best-known and best-selling book; his second book, *The Triumph of the Therapeutic: Uses of Faith after Freud*, picks up thematically and chronologically where the earlier one left off, and in between Rieff edited a ten-volume series of Freud's *Collected Papers*.

The welcome accorded in the late 50's to Rieff's exegesis of Freud undoubtedly had something to do, for many intellectuals, with their disillusionment with Marxism. This disillusionment had been chronicled and spurred by Lionel Trilling's novel of ideas, *The Middle of the Journey*, published in 1947. But there was no *Middle of the Analysis*; on the contrary, for those who were now placing their faith in Freud, analysis was interminable, a sort of permanent revolution in one ego. Rieff's work thus did for Freudianism what Trilling's had done for Marxism—but it did so in a highly subtle and ironic fashion. *Freud: The Mind of the Moralist* was among the first works to interpret Freud as a moral and ethical theorist. Using the language of the humanities and social sciences, Rieff lavished on Freud the same exegetical attention traditionally reserved for the great texts of philosophy; in fact, he frequently compared Freud's views with those of Plato or Augustine.

There is no doubt that Rieff's work was a milestone in the acceptance of Freud into the American academic canon. Yet *Freud: The Mind of the Moralist* was an ambivalent work. On the one hand, the book asserted repeatedly that Freud was a great mind, and a rather conservative one at that: in contrast to a widely shared impression of Freud as a legitimator of sexual revolution and instinctual expression, Rieff showed that Freud regarded the social repression of instincts as necessary and inevitable (if, in practice, often overdone). On the other hand, the book contained learned and pointed critiques of the arbitrariness of Freud's interpretative method and of the fundamental misogyny within his intellectual system. And its deeper thrust was more critical still.

RIEFF saw in Freud the catalyst of a new cultural sensibility. Central to this sensibility was the premise that those things which had always been regarded as high or ultimate were actually the sublimated expressions of something lower, in this case the (sexual) instincts. In Freud's scheme, the feeling of parents toward their children became "parental narcissism," that of children toward their parents became repressed Oedipal desire, the bond between leader and follower became a neurotic identification, and religion was reinterpreted as mass obsessional neurosis. For those steeped in the Freudian sensibility, to be rational was to learn to see through the veil, to be suspicious of altruism, of public commitments, and of religious belief, all of which were sources of guilt. Whereas the previous dominant culture of the West had taught that a bad conscience was the result of repressing one's higher, moral nature, Freud maintained that guilt was a result of repressing one's lower, instinctual nature.

Freud was, in Rieff's term, a "parodist" of previous political and religious cultures, who by creating "a science exhibiting the pathology of moral aspiration" offered an intellectually powerful rationale for self-concern in the narrowest terms. Psychoanalysis delegitimated inherited cultural identities, while helping to create a new cultural ideal—"psychological man"—committed only to "his own careful economy of the inner life." This new therapeutic type was schooled against binding, permanent commitments; for him the bottom line of every social contract was the escape clause.

For Rieff, the culture of therapy and analysis is the antithesis of high culture: by "deconverting" the individual from inherited religious and historical commands

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and understandings, it makes the mind open and pliable, rather than stable and trustworthy. The culture of therapy is entirely a "remissive" culture, more adept at excusing or explaining away the "shalt nots" of the past than at offering compelling reasons of its own for moral behavior. It has thus paved the way for a revolt against cultural constraints which Freud himself would not have applauded.

Intellectuals, the first to adopt the culture of therapy, have been most responsible for its diffusion into the larger culture. In *Fellow Teachers* Rieff explored (among a panoply of other topics) the process of that diffusion. This most unusual book originated in responses to questions about his work posed by the editors of the journal *Salmagundi*; a loosely linked series of reflections, it proceeds in part by means of comments on texts by a theologian (Kierkegaard), a playwright (Pirandello), and a novelist (John Barth). *Fellow Teachers* is an allusive, learned, and self-revelatory document, one which sharpened many of Rieff's earlier themes and presented in aphoristic form the directions of his subsequent work.

To BE truly cultured in Rieff's sense means to draw moral strength and identity from one's culture and to recognize one's indebtedness to those from whom one has acquired a knowledge of ultimate truths and ultimate transgressions. Yet according to Rieff, from their teachers in the humanities and social sciences, students today are likely to get the opposite of what they most need. Those who come into the universities with a firm historical or religious identity are encouraged to abandon it for the sake of a critical stance which purports to be rational and universal but is capable only of demonstrating the arbitrariness of inherited authority. Instead of being taught the need for binding commands, students are "transgressively educated; cart is put before the horse, criticism before loyalty to that which is criticized."

Rieff's *Fellow Teachers* lays bare the inner logic of what was soon to become the powerful academic current of "deconstruction." Uniting the many who lay claim to this label is a belief in the possibility of unmasking all cultural authority as essentially arbitrary and based upon mere power. Retained from Freud is not so much the content of his teaching as his interpretative method, which is used by deconstructionists to reveal how cultural authority is "really" a reflection of the power of those who share one or another ideologically suspect attribute—white skin, male gender, heterosexuality, or whatever. The decision of what to teach and how to teach it then becomes a function of the political power, nowadays very considerable, which can be brought to bear *against* the old dispensation. The work of the novelist Alice Walker gets into the core curriculum by virtue of the support of the feminist, black, and lesbian caucuses; how many troops has Plato, or Augustine, or Kant?

A PERVASIVE theme of modern social thought to which Rieff calls attention in *Fellow Teachers* and elsewhere is the reductive explanation of religion, the assertion in a variety of forms that the divine is "really" something else. From Feuerbach to Durkheim, Rieff noted in an early essay, liberals have treated religion as a form of social integration, while other theorists have exposed God as "the dummy acting for social order and especially for the weakest in it." For Marx, of course, religion was the opiate of the masses; for Freud, God was a projection of infantile helplessness. Related to this theme is the denial that moral standards have any objective basis. As a consequence, Rieff notes, secular intellectuals often share the prejudice that the morally good person is unlikely to be very clever—the good are those who have not caught on to the fact that their morality has no objective warrant. Yet contemporary intellectuals immersed in this critical culture can teach only one critique of meaning after another. They may open the door to "liberation," but beyond that door lies the personal meaninglessness that comes from having to choose and choose again, without compelling grounds for choice.

On what ground, then, does Rieff himself stand? In *Fellow Teachers*, Rieff portrayed himself as among those mired in the cultural contradictions of the critical/therapeutic world view, "stuck with our faith in criticism, only marginally different from popular versions of the endless expressional quest or liberated understandings." The message of that book was not prophetic but prophylactic: a warning, to those on the road, of the dead end that lay ahead.

In Rieff's subsequent work, however, and above all in a long epilogue (1979) to *Freud: The Mind of the Moralist*, a new prologue (1985) to *Fellow Teachers*, and several essays now available in *The Feeling Intellect*, Rieff has made increasingly explicit a message that can only be called religious, though not in any denominational sense. There *is* an ultimate warrant for moral action, and men do have some intuitive sense of it which cannot be adequately described in rational or scientific terms but which expresses itself in our sense of guilt. That ultimate authority, in the Jewish and Christian traditions, is the eternal Creator who refers to Himself in Exodus 3:14 as "*Ehyeh asher Ehyeh*" ("I am that I am"); it is through our apprehension of this authority that, according to Rieff, we are able to repress the evil possibilities within us.

Here Rieff steps outside the role of the sociologist and into the role of the religious apologist, asserting the reality of a God Who is apprehended in a variety of ways in the historical cultures which recognize Him. Rieff asserts that much of modern critical thought is an attempt to deny or repress this reality, which he terms "sacred order," and the saving guilt which is its most tangible expression and which enables the individual to recognize the power of evil and decide to act against it.

Needless to say, this message is literally incredible in the critical culture in which many of Rieff's potential readers live. Since their likely response is to laugh it out of court, Rieff must convince them they are laughing in the dark. This may help explain the peculiarity of his prose, and of his pose. The prose has become increasingly po-

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etic, expressing in metaphorical terms a reality which must be felt before it can be intellectualized and which cannot be reached from within the premises of a rationalist social science that does not provide a vocabulary to say what most needs to be said. The pose resembles one described by Rieff himself in an essay of 1959 entitled "The Evangelist Strategy." The role of the modern religious apologist, he wrote then, is to reach those outside the faith, and to confront them with a choice between "fatal meaninglessness and saving meaning." This has become Rieff's chosen role as well, to awaken his cultured readers to the limits of the therapeutic world view.

Since his intended audience is the one least inclined to heed his message, Rieff often resorts to commentary and exegesis of texts that are regarded as holy in *their* canon. His evangelism is of a very subtle and intellectually demanding variety: far from threatening the "cultured" reader with the torments of a future hell or the possibility of losing life after death, Rieff argues that the repression of moral sense in the culture of the therapeutic leads to a sort of spiritual numbness which is death *in* life. "We reeducated ones," he writes in *Fellow Teachers*, "we are the culturally deprived."

Rieff also calls attention to the disastrous social effects of the denial of the possibility of transgression. "In the mind of our remissive elites, there is always an excusing reason for everything," Rieff notes in the most recent essay in *The Feeling Intellect*. Once the human body is no longer regarded as the temple of God, how long will it be before rape is redefined as a "paraphiliac coercive disorder"? As shamelessness becomes the idealized state of things, who will explain what is not to be done and why? In our public culture, as Rieff has been predicting for decades, "Why not?" has become the most unanswerable of intellectual questions. Rieff has tried to convey the frightening consequences of the inability to answer that question, and to hint at an adequate response.

Philip Rieff has produced no school, he does not have a ready-made constituency, and readers of almost every sort will find much in his work with which to disagree. He straddles ideological lines, disciplinary boundaries, and religious traditions. Some conservatives may object to his disdain for economic improvement. His defense of a sort of generic monotheism may cause discomfort to those committed to the exclusive truth of Judaism or of Christianity, while his suggestion that our body politic requires some sort of religious renewal will lead others to reach for their ACLU cards. Even those convinced by the thrust of Rieff's analysis will find that it raises questions to which Rieff does not offer answers, such as the limited possibilities of shared cultural consensus in a society which legitimates a high degree of religious and cultural pluralism. Since Rieff has been unwilling to step into the role of prophet, there is no Gospel according to Philip. But even without a full prognosis, he has proved a remarkable diagnostician of our cultural ailments, and his work constitutes a cultural resource which may yet help us to recover from our present moral deficits.

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Conspiracy Itself

KGB: The Inside Story. By Christopher Andrew and Oleg Gordievsky. *HarperCollins. 776 pp. $29.95.*

Reviewed by
Angelo M. Codevilla

Just as people in Palermo, Sicily, shy away from discussing the Mafia, most people who live under the Soviet system tiptoe around the subject of the KGB.* Even Boris Yeltsin, the elected president of Russia, whose first official act was to refuse KGB "protection," will not answer questions about whether the KGB stands in the way of his plans.

But the KGB does stand in his and everybody else's way. It has proved the most cohesive and remains the most privileged institution in the Soviet Union. It is the most solid part of Mikhail Gorbachev's power base. Indeed, it is difficult to tell whether the KGB works for Gorbachev or Gorbachev works for it. The KGB deploys some 100,000 officers throughout the country. These people maintain files on just about everyone. They are well armed, and have richly earned their fearsome reputation. Behind them are some 300,000 KGB troops, also armed—with tanks, artillery, and airplanes. Then there are the Special Section officers who have controlled the armed forces since 1918, and whose grip is especially tight over the tough, professional *Spetsnaz* troops, and the other uniformed KGB troops who today have exclusive control of the Soviet Union's nuclear stockpile. In addition to all this, the KGB controls the Interior Ministry and its roughly 350,000, also heavily armed, troops.

Today, the KGB is making a big effort to improve its image by, among other things, producing movies about itself, handing out free cigarette lighters, and laying wreaths at the monument to Stalin's victims, to remind people that KGB officers also died in the purges. There has even been a "Miss KGB" contest. But only Westerners tend to forget that the KGB is the proverbial 800-pound gorilla in the Soviet *apparat.*

When Vice President George Bush, former director of the CIA, met Yuri Andropov, former director of the KGB, at Leonid Brezhnev's funeral in November 1982, Bush tried to break the ice by remarking that both men had been "in the same business." But the KGB is not remotely an intelligence agency like the CIA or the FBI. Nor is it a secret police on the model of the czar's Okhrana—brutality is not what makes it unique. Much less is the KGB just another institution within the Soviet government apparatus. Least of all is the KGB what contemporary Soviet propaganda says it is: a politically neutral force for law and order. Rather, the KGB is the *sine qua non* of the Soviet regime, that without which the regime would have been stillborn, the indispensable ingredient in its development, and, in its old age, the main thing that keeps it upright.

The extensive literature on the KGB leaves no excuse for ignorance. Robert Conquest was able to write an accurate history of the organization during the period of Stalin's purges strictly from newspaper accounts of who had been appointed to what job, who had been convicted of what offense, and when. In 1981, George Leggett published *The Cheka*, an excellent general history. John Barron used information supplied by U.S. intelligence agencies to write two informative, popular books, *The KGB* (1974) and *The KGB Today* (1983). In *Chekisty* (1987), John Dziak chronicled the power of the KGB within the Soviet *apparat.* In 1963, Alexander Orlov, who had been the KGB's chief in Spain during the civil war there, reconstructed the intelligence course he had taught at the academy. In 1976, Aleksei Myagkhov, a KGB captain who had been assigned as a political officer to a Soviet army regiment in East Germany, published an excellent account of his job. In recent years Ilya Dzhirkvelov's *Secret Servant* and Stanislav Levchenko's *On the Wrong Side* have provided good inside descriptions of the KGB's influence and activities. There is also a massive literature about how Western intelligence services have dealt with the KGB. And underlying it all are the works of Western writers like Arthur Koestler and Hannah Arendt a generation ago.

Most recently, the stream of data available about the KGB has included interviews given by former officers to Soviet newspapers. And former KGB Colonel Oleg Kalugin, who was elected to the Congress of People's Deputies solely because the KGB publicly branded him a traitor, has campaigned to open its records. This has raised hopes that we may soon have the "inside story" of the KGB—precisely the story promised in the title of the new 776-page book by the Cambridge historian Christopher Andrew and Oleg Gordievsky, once the KGB's chief of station in London.

Unfortunately, though the book is a valuable addition to the literature, and is well worth reading, it is also a disappointment. Gordievsky, who took part in a KGB internal-history project and who spied for Britain for a decade before defecting in 1985, adds to what we know from other defectors, but does not supersede what we know. Andrew's research is massive, but bad editing often leaves the reader lost in a mass of spy stories. Moreover, Andrew neither questions what Gordievsky has told him nor uses critical tools to probe controversial questions. Above all, he neglects the most important questions about the KGB.

After a brief chapter on the czar's

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* The term KGB denotes here the Soviet organization instituted at Lenin's orders on December 20, 1917, and called the Cheka. It underwent eight changes in name (while exercising essentially the same functions) before adopting in 1954 the name it bears today. For 73 years, "Chekists" have received their pay on the 20th of the month.

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secret police, whose horrors from the time of Ivan the Terrible forward hardly matched those the KGB produced during any single year, the book settles into a pattern, discussing the work of the KGB first inside and then outside the Soviet Union. For some historical periods internal and external topics are isolated in separate chapters, while for others the chapters are quite heterogeneous. Before the middle of the book, however, the pattern breaks down and the rest of the narrative focuses almost exclusively on the KGB's First Chief Directorate (FCD). The FCD—some 12,000 people out of close to half-a-million total KGB employees—is the only one (together with the lower-ranking signals-intelligence directorate) whose functions roughly coincide with those of the world's intelligence services, i.e., foreign espionage.

Yet despite the fact that the FCD has quadrupled in size since the 1960's and that its people have risen to the top both of the KGB and of the Soviet government, it is the Second Chief directorate (in charge of domestic surveillance and control) and the Third (infiltration of the military) that set the tone for the whole KGB. These are the "organs" that bring muscle to bear on Soviet society. Indeed, when people in the Soviet Union, civilian or military, think of the KGB, they do not think of someone who might entice a journalist in Tokyo, but of the thugs who can break your teeth with impunity, compel your friends to betray you, make or ruin careers, get you thrown out of your job or your child out of school, and who enjoy the best of everything. This, not the FCD, is the organization to which, in December 1990, Mikhail Gorbachev gave the task of dispensing summary justice to those millions of Soviet citizens who divert food from the state's distribution system—the very task that Lenin gave the Cheka in 1918. This is the KGB that is distributing Western food aid while arguing that such aid is tied to Western plots.

KGB, however, does not describe this people-control apparatus or ask what has happened to it since Gorbachev, through *glasnost*, declared open season on the Communist party. Instead, its best chapters are devoted to what the authors know best: the recruiting and handling of agents in England and, to a lesser extent, the United States.

Most notorious among such agents were the "magnificent five" who in the 30's and 40's thoroughly penetrated British intelligence—Donald Maclean, Guy Burgess, Anthony Blunt, Kim Philby, and John Cairncross. These young men, near the top of England's cultural pyramid, were recruited first by their own inclinations, second by their environment, and last of all by the KGB. All five were Marxists and snobs, and three were homosexuals (one of Andrew's most pointed expressions describes their social milieu: "Homintern"). The KGB "ran" the five dispensing with most of the security procedures standard in espionage, and the five sometimes worked together, again in violation of standard intelligence procedures. The same holds for the top KGB agents in the U.S. during the same period. Over and above the Rosenbergs and their circle—the "atom spies"—there were at least four rings of U.S. government officials who knowingly passed information to the KGB; these circles included so many people that the KGB did not try to handle them singly, but relied on a few couriers to pick up the take.

Andrew and Gordievsky reveal that John Cairncross betrayed to the Soviets Britain's number-one wartime secret, the Ultra decryptions of German communications. True, the British government was already giving the Soviets "sanitized" versions of Ultra intercepts, but Cairncross handed over the actual intercepts, plus materials on how the Soviets could do the decoding themselves (they never succeeded). By contrast, in the U.S., when Secretary of State Edward Stettinius learned that the OSS had received a Soviet codebook from the Finns, he prevailed on President Roosevelt to return it. General William Donovan surreptitiously kept a copy, which later helped in discovering some of the atom spies, but as Andrew points out, "Had the capture of the codebook been concealed from the Russians in 1944 . . . its value to American sigint [signals intelligence] would have been immeasurably greater."

Andrew's general conclusion is that there was a "staggering disproportion" between what the KGB knew about American and British intelligence, and what these services knew about the KGB. There was also no comparing the amount of influence each side could exercise on the other. Gordievsky once attended a lecture where the KGB's Ishauk Abdulovich Akhmerov described how he had managed the biggest of all "agents of influence": Harry Hopkins, adviser to FDR.

What Hopkins did is clouded by the common misuse of the word "agent" to mean someone who has transferred his loyalty from one country to another. Andrew says that Hopkins was an "unconscious" agent. But in any case, the relevant fact is that Hopkins thought so much of Stalin, believed so fully that the interests of Stalin's regime and of the U.S. were complementary, and felt so honored to learn that Stalin wanted his cooperation that he eagerly did all that the KGB asked of him. Thus, for example, Hopkins made sure that no one skeptical of Stalin would be allowed a hand in U.S.-Soviet relations, and at Yalta he personally settled the United States position on postwar Poland.

As THE authors note, the great age of the KGB's ideological spies ended with the discovery of George Blake in 1961 (Anthony Blunt having retired by that time); nowadays its recruits are lower-class mercenaries. In the U.S. the greatest of recent Soviet agents, John A. Walker, who sold the cryptographic keys to some of the government's most important communications equipment, was a Navy warrant officer. On the other hand, State Department officer Felix Bloch—whom the book does not mention—seems in the mold of spies of the "golden age," and recent revelations from Germany suggest that the local KGB affiliate got recruits from all walks of life, and out of every imaginable motive. Nevertheless, Andrew has a point: because it is no longer fashionable to be a Marxist lover of the Soviet Union, and because many Soviet intelligence officers have chosen to defect, there has ceased to be

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a "staggering disproportion" in East-West intelligence penetrations.

Andrew does not tell us, however, what the balance *is*. He is well aware, for example, that relying on false defectors is far worse than having no sources at all. In the 1920's, in the KGB's prototypical deception operation, known as The Trust, a Soviet agent presented himself to Russian émigrés and Western intelligence operations as the envoy of a vast anti-Communist conspiracy inside the USSR. He and his associates proceeded to gather information and money, lure people to their deaths, and generally disinform and disrupt Western intelligence.

Obviously, whether a given defector is "for real" is a crucial question. Depending on how one decides the cases of Yuri Nosenko (1964) and Vitaly Yurchenko (1985), for example, one can conclude that the U.S. is doing rather well against the KGB, or abysmally. It would have been nice if Gordievsky had been able to confirm or deny key parts of these two defectors' stories. At least, Andrew should have tried to shed light on the controversies surrounding them; but he does not even let the reader know the controversies exist.

KGB is at its worst when it tries to put the Soviet spymasters on the psychoanalyst's couch. The principal point here is that, until now, the KGB and its bosses have been people with a pathological tendency to see mortal enemies everywhere. This "conspiracy-theory" mentality, according to Andrew, is what was responsible for the KGB's mass murders in days gone by and, in 1982-83, for the mad search for (nonexistent) evidence that the U.S. was about to unleash a nuclear war. At one point Andrew concludes: "They were intellectually as well as physically powerless: trapped by their ideology inside a conspiratorial universe from which, without renouncing Leninism, there was no escape."

But Andrew does not analyze Leninism, much less trace the thread that leads logically from Marx to Lenin's founding of the Cheka for "the revolutionary settling of accounts with counterrevolutionaries." On the contrary, Andrew tells us that Lenin was an idealist who thought that after the Revolution the proletariat would spontaneously do whatever little crushing of the bourgeoisie was necessary, and who was then genuinely surprised to find himself alone, surrounded by enemies. This led him almost perforce to call forth the Cheka, "a special system of organized violence." But not until the civil war got under way in the summer of 1918 did Lenin use the Cheka on a mass scale, executing "well over" 250,000 people in some two years.

Andrew believes that the logic of revolution overcame what he refers to throughout the book as the "original idealism of the Bolshevik revolutionary dream." This logic pushed aside old revolutionaries who supposedly cared for music and art—gentle souls, who would kill only bourgeois, not comrades—and pushed to the fore men who were ever more in the grip of "conspiracy theory"—an illness that Andrew is at pains to point out afflicts anti-Communists, too.

Andrew's psychologizing approach is a hindrance to seeing the evils of the Soviet regime. If, as he says, the mass violence was not "intended" to happen, then one cannot blame Leninism, much less Marxism. Other Marxist and even Leninist experiments might turn out differently. Nor can Andrew call by their proper name the vile, despicable acts that he describes because, he says, the men who performed them were "confused" about the boundary between real and fictitious enemies. So the actions of the KGB, the kind of persons it brought to the fore in the Soviet Union, cannot be the logical, indispensable corollary of the Soviet regime. But they are. What the KGB has done is not a manifestation of "conspiracy theory." It is conspiracy itself.

And this raises a serious question. Since the function of the KGB within the Soviet regime has been to inspire terror, and since that regime has lived by terror, can it survive except through terror? Andrew tells us that after Gorbachev took power in 1985 he elevated the FCD's Vladimir Kryuchkov to the KGB's directorship, and that both men are not conspiracy theorists but realists. So they may be—the KGB has not been killing people lately. But they have also identified themselves with the Communist enterprise begun by Lenin, Dzerzhinsky, and their "men in black leather jerkins." That too is reality, as is the fact that the enterprise itself is widely hated. What are Gorbachev and Kryuchkov willing to do about this reality? Are they willing to kill to stay in power, or are they going to face the possibility of being killed after they leave it? In short, how different is their thinking from that of their predecessors? How differently can they *afford* to think?

KGB: The Inside Story concludes with its own bit of realism: the KGB is unreformable. And then the authors write: "Like every major modern state, *Russia* needs both a domestic security service and a foreign intelligence agency. For it to possess an intelligence community worthy of its citizens' respect, however, it will have to close down the KGB and start fresh" (emphasis added). Alas, to become capable of closing down the KGB, Russia would have to stop being the Soviet Union. But the organ that turned Russia into the Soviet Union in the first place is the KGB, and it is still there.

Philanthropy

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME. By TERESA ODENDAHL. *Basic Books. 299 pp. $22.95.*

Reviewed by SAMUEL LIPMAN

Most people regard philanthropy—the giving away of one's own resources to worthy causes—as a virtue. Yet in *Charity Begins at Home*, Teresa Odendahl accuses philanthropists of deploying their gifts solely in order to make the world safe and pleasant for themselves. An anthropologist and a consultant to nonprofit organizations, she finds that "For many of the wealthy, charity means preventing infection or decay,

SAMUEL LIPMAN *is the publisher of the* New Criterion *and* COMMENTARY*'s regular music critic. His most recent book is* Arguing for Music, Arguing for Culture (*Godine*).

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maintaining a clean society." She even goes so far as to find charity a fundamental prop of an unfair social system: "[P]hilanthropy is essential to the maintenance and perpetuation of the upper class in the United States. In this sense, nonprofit activities are the nexus of a modern power elite."

The very existence of large-scale philanthropy is, of course, a peculiarly American phenomenon. As Odendahl correctly points out, we are unique in the world in freely allowing tax deductions for private charity, and in encouraging (and even expecting) such private charity to accomplish social, educational, and cultural goals that are everywhere else the sole province of government. But for her, government is precisely where such activity belongs: the role of the state in filling human needs is half of a proper public policy; the other half is a far-reaching redistribution of income based on steeply progressive taxation.

Odendahl's research into the American philanthropy she has grown to dislike began with graduate studies at Yale, where she participated in the Program on Nonprofit Institutions sponsored by the prestigious Council on Foundations and the equally prestigious W.K. Kellogg, Charles Stewart Mott, and Andrew W. Mellon foundations. Her academic researches in the belly of the philanthropic beast were complemented by expeditions into upper-class social life as well: she attended a tailgate picnic at a Yale-Harvard game where "champagne was served in crystal glasses, accompanied by exotic foods." And while at Yale she also "partook of the high culture" represented by elite colleges and prep schools whose students "learn to value concerts, museums, and the theater. They understand that the great libraries are theirs."

If education provided Odendahl's earliest look into the world of philanthropy, her most recent foray seems to have been her brief tenure as executive director of the Women's Foundation of Colorado. In Denver, she found that her board of directors, feminist though it was, tried to ascertain whether she was a lesbian; she decided she did not want to work for a group that discriminated on the basis of sexual preference.

Charity Begins at Home is not about Odendahl's life experience, however. It consists mainly of composite portraits, based on interviews with 140 subjects, of typical philanthropists and the institutions they fund (and found). Thus Odendahl devotes a chapter each to "Lady Bountiful," "First-Generation Men and Their Families," "Elite Jewish Giving," "The Alternative Fund Movement," "Wealthy 'Feminist' Funders," and "Advisers and Professionals." Amazingly, her anonymous, faceless interviewees all speak with one voice. Whether right-wing or left-wing, male or female, Jewish or Gentile, *arriviste* or old money, they share two impregnable habits of mind: a deep inner conviction that they know what is good for recipients, and an equally firm conviction that the money they give should be taken only from their income, never from their capital.

On one point, Odendahl is very informative. She describes well the inexorable generational progress from the economic and social conservatism of those who were initially responsible for creating the great fortunes to the all-encompassing radicalism of so many of their young inheritors. As Odendahl approvingly reports, old money in new hands has been used to try to change irrevocably the society that made these fortunes possible.

If there is a single factor behind the attitude of young philanthropists, Odendahl identifies it as guilt. Not only do many of them feel they must pay for their fathers' sins; they establish new charitable institutions, known as alternative funds, to get their peers to pay along with them. Odendahl's favorite example is the Haymarket People's Fund in Boston. Named after a bloody Chicago confrontation in 1886 between strikers and police, the Haymarket Fund was started with the help of George Pillsbury, an heir to the baking fortune. The causes it supports are certifiably radical: "AIDS projects, environmental issues, groups organizing around a host of causes on the 'activist Left,' such as civil rights and prison reform, as well as peace and women's organizations,

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Michael Berenbaum

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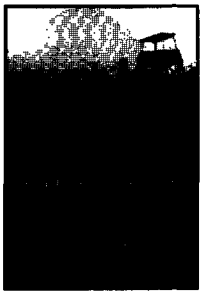

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and 'solidarity work with the peoples of Central America and South Africa.'"

What Odendahl finds endearing about Haymarket is not just the radicalism of its beneficiaries; other alternative funds, and even an increasing number of semi-mainstream foundations, are no less admirable in their choice of recipients. Special to Haymarket is the fact that its contributors relinquish control of their gifts to the activists, who then decide how the money is to be spent. Still, even this arrangement is ultimately unsatisfactory, for by the composition of its grant-making panels, and by its insistence on keeping the names of its contributors secret, Haymarket protects the rich from having to deal directly with the poor. This is why, for Odendahl, Haymarket and all the rest of the "politically correct" funds in the end offer only so many variations on a fundamentally unjust, priggish, and self-protective theme. What is needed, she believes, is something bolder.

ODENDAHL ends with suggestions for restructuring American philanthropy altogether by changing the federal tax code. Although she does not quite endorse a confiscatory estate tax, she does propose government certification of charities suitable to receive tax-deductible contributions; forbidding donors to select the recipients of their gifts; disallowing deductible bequests to any but approved charities; determination by the government of museums eligible to receive particular bequests of art.

The goal of all these changes, of course, is to replace private individuals and groups by public agencies. Odendahl is a great admirer of government, particularly of governments other than our own, and she is none too particular in her tastes:

> The material benefits and the extent of control over their own destinies that are provided [to the disadvantaged] by philanthropy are considerably less [here] than in the Social Democratic countries of Western Europe, the Communist East European states, and even some "developing" nations.

Evidently, in the years between her tailgate picnic and the Women's Foundation of Colorado, Odendahl has not learned much about contemporary developments in the "Communist East European states," let alone elsewhere in the world.

It would be wrong to dismiss *Charity Begins at Home* as just another example of a philanthropic expert biting the hand that has fed her. A radical reassessment of philanthropy is indeed taking place in America, and Teresa Odendahl is doing no more than giving voice to the immense weight of leftist political pressure now being brought to bear on donors and foundations alike. What makes her book noteworthy is the candor with which she defines the issue in philanthropy: not the melioration of suffering or the improvement of minds, but the use of other people's money—whether private or public—to bring about an egalitarian revolution in society of a kind the American people have so far resisted. Whether philanthropy in general today is equally resistant is very much an open question.

The Racial Self

THE CONTENT OF OUR CHARACTER: A NEW VISION OF RACE IN AMERICA. By SHELBY STEELE. *St. Martin's. 175 pp. $15.95.*

Reviewed by DIANA SCHAUB

THAT individuals define the race is the message of Shelby Steele's new book. In the 1990's, Steele declares, "we blacks are more than ever in a position where our common good will best be served by the determined pursuit of our most personal aspirations."

The summons to individual betterment and accomplishment, and the concomitant downplaying of collective action, are a rarity these days, but historically they have not been absent from black political thought. Steele (who teaches English literature at San Diego State University) cites the novelist Ralph Ellison as his precursor; similar sentiments could be assembled from earlier black leaders as diverse as W.E.B. Du Bois and Booker T. Washington. Indeed, even before the abolition of slavery, Frederick Douglass was posing the challenge to blacks in individualist terms:

> What we, the colored people, want, is *character*, and this nobody can give us. It is a thing we must get for ourselves. . . . Neither the sympathy nor the generosity of our friends can give it to us. . . . It is attainable; but we must attain it, and attain it each for himself. I cannot for you, and you cannot for me.

Today, when the legal barriers to black advancement have been removed, and prejudice is sanctioned neither by the laws nor, in the main, by the manners of the nation, this duty to oneself, Steele believes, has become ever more imperative.

The most famous statement on color and individual character, alluded to in Steele's title, looks forward precisely to such a moment. In the poignantly confident lines of his 1963 "I Have a Dream" speech, Martin Luther King, Jr. spoke of the time when his children would be judged "not by the color of their skin, but by the content of their character." A generation later, Shelby Steele examines the character of black Americans (particularly middle-class black Americans) and finds it wanting, in large part because of the extent to which, in the years since King's passing, color has come to delimit and deform character.

For Steele, the real problem facing blacks in America is not racism (although he by no means denies its residual perdurance); it is rather a crippling racial self-doubt. The problem King addressed—color as the prejudicial criterion of other men's judgment—has been replaced by a more insidious one—color as the criterion of self-definition. By the perverse logic of racial entitlement, to be black has come to mean, above all, to be a victim. Today's civil-rights establishment—a modified, mainstream version of 1960's black-power militancy—relies on "a formula that binds the victim to his victimization by

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linking his power to his status as a victim."

Steele traces the lamentable consequences of this identification:

> Social victims may be collectively entitled, but they are all too often individually demoralized. Since the social victim has been oppressed by society, he comes to feel that his individual life will be improved more by changes in society than by his own initiative. Without realizing it, he makes society rather than himself the agent of change.

As a result of the quest for power through victimization, the black underclass is left prostrate, with no inner resources, and blacks of other socioeconomic levels are kept from fully flourishing.

Although portions of Steele's argument echo the conservative critique of the politics of racial preference, *The Content of Our Character* is more than a litany of the misguidance and betrayals of liberal leadership, black and white alike. Its uniqueness, and what justifies the subtitle of "A New Vision of Race in America," is Steele's insightful analysis of the racial self. Thus, although it is generating disputes, *The Content of Our Character* is not really a disputatious work; instead, in conception and execution, it is introspective. Reflections that begin from Steele's own situation as a "fortyish, middle-class, black American male," the father of the only black family in his suburban neighborhood, attain to a kind of universality, managing to explain the dilemmas and vulnerabilities not only of blacks, but of others who present in their very person (whether by color, sex, features, language, or manner) the badges of some ancient persecution or ascribed inferiority.

One of Steele's best chapters and, in fact, many of his most astute remarks throughout the book have reference to his own bailiwick: the American university. For campus life presents a textbook version of the operation of black inferiority anxiety. The distressing tendencies among black students to ignore, deny, or avoid the real opportunities available to them; to spare themselves effort, except in certain fields of widely proven black success; and to self-aggregate when faced with the possibility of integration are all explained by Steele as mechanisms to assuage self-doubt. Further masking the real problem of self-doubt is the preoccupation with *un*masking "the other," exposing the white world's systematic, albeit subtle, racism. Steele outlines "the process whereby feelings of inferiority are transformed into an exaggerated white menace which is then protested against with the techniques of the past." Ironically, what are now demanded, namely privileges and preferences based on race, including territorial apartheid (black dorms, black student unions, black dining halls), reintroduce the racial boundaries that the original civil-rights movement struggled to erase.

The silent partner in the current troubles is white guilt, or more precisely the search for cheap exculpation from what Steele believes to be an unavoidable sense of white guilt:

> If the darkest fear of blacks is inferiority, the darkest fear of whites is that their better lot in life is at least partially the result of their capacity for evil—their capacity to dehumanize an entire people for their own benefit and then to be indifferent to the devastation their dehumanization has wrought on successive generations.

In his explication of this destructive symbiosis, Steele reveals just how selfish the usual attempts to quell guilt can be. College administrators, for instance, preoccupied with vindicating their own innocence, adopt the easy route of appeasement, acceding to black attempts to hinge pride on the mere fact of color rather than achievement.

Not that, on Steele's reading, guilt as such is to be faulted, but rather a particular (and perhaps characteristically liberal) response to guilt: an obsession with establishing one's own good image and intentions, and doing so quickly. This search for instantaneous redemption has skewed policy toward the notion of historic reparation (affirmative action and other forms of preferential treatment) and away from the tougher, more protracted business of what Steele calls "black uplift and development." In the case of universities, uplift would mean real academic parity: higher grades and lower dropout rates for black students. (Steele reports that "a full six years after admission, only about 26 percent of black students graduate from college.") Educators could contribute to that goal by challenging black students to confront their weaknesses rather than by capitulating to them; and by disallowing the equation of difference and power.

In making race, gender, and ethnicity the basis of entitlement, the "politics of difference" has, in addition to its cultivation of black failure, transformed college campuses into hothouses for the forcing of racial tension. Steele offers an intriguing interpretation of the recent spate of ugly incidents ranging from acts of sophomoric racial insensitivity to outright violence. Born in a reformed America, today's young whites feel themselves not only personally free of racism, but generationally guiltless as well (for, if any color looks to be privileged, it is no longer theirs). Yet, still, they find themselves accused. Steele believes that a portion of such students, unfortunately but not unnaturally, "can end up in the paradoxical position of being hostile to blacks as a way of defending their own racial innocence." This is a new, non-liberal form of the desire to get shut of white guilt.

It is Steele's opinion that this same "exaggerated sense of innocence" informed the rhetoric of Ronald Reagan, accounting both for Reagan's appeal to mainstream white America and his inability to earn black votes. It was not Reagan's goals that were obnoxious to blacks, but rather "the presumption of innocence by which he rationalized them." As an example of what many blacks saw as Reagan's confident appropriation of the moral high ground, Steele cites his claim to be color-blind—a posture that automatically "made him an adversary and made his quite reasonable message seem vindictive." To Republicans seeking to become the party of all the people, Steele's critique of Reagan should be all

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the more striking in light of his belief that Reagan's "emphasis on traditional American values—individual initiative, self-sufficiency, strong families—offered . . . the most enduring solution to the demoralization and poverty that continue to widen the gap between blacks and whites in America."

In reading this book, one has the sense that America is in the final stage of its long struggle toward racial equality and racial accord; but also that this may well be the most delicate, the most difficult moment. The remaining barriers to progress are internal. For black and white alike, it is the darkest fears of our own incomplete humanity that must be met. This psychological oppression may be the bitterest heritage of mastery and slavery.

Serving America

GRATITUDE: REFLECTIONS ON WHAT WE OWE TO OUR COUNTRY. By WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR. *Random House. 192 pp. $16.95*

Reviewed by EDWARD NORDEN

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR. went to a prep school where the boys had to pitch in with the chores. *Non sibi sed cunctis* was the motto, "Not for oneself, but for all." Now, half a century later, the prolific, confident, extremely lucky Buckley believes that what was right and good at that time and in that place would be right and good for America and all young Americans—so much so that he is ready to retire many of his remaining phobias about government and offer this not-so-modest, commendably detailed proposal for national service.

As in prep school, so from coast to coast, the aim of Buckley's program would be to build character, induce fellow-feeling, encourage responsibility, create solidarity where today he finds there is hardly any. In short, he hopes through its youth to "regenerate" a country which, a decade after the start of the Reagan revolution he did so much to bring about, appears to him to be in bad shape. The symptoms are "instability of family life, listlessness at school, a growing national tendency to corruption, or hedonism; an insensitivity to suffering." Writing after the Berlin Wall came down and before Saddam Hussein took Kuwait, the founder and recently retired editor of the *National Review* sees America demoralized.

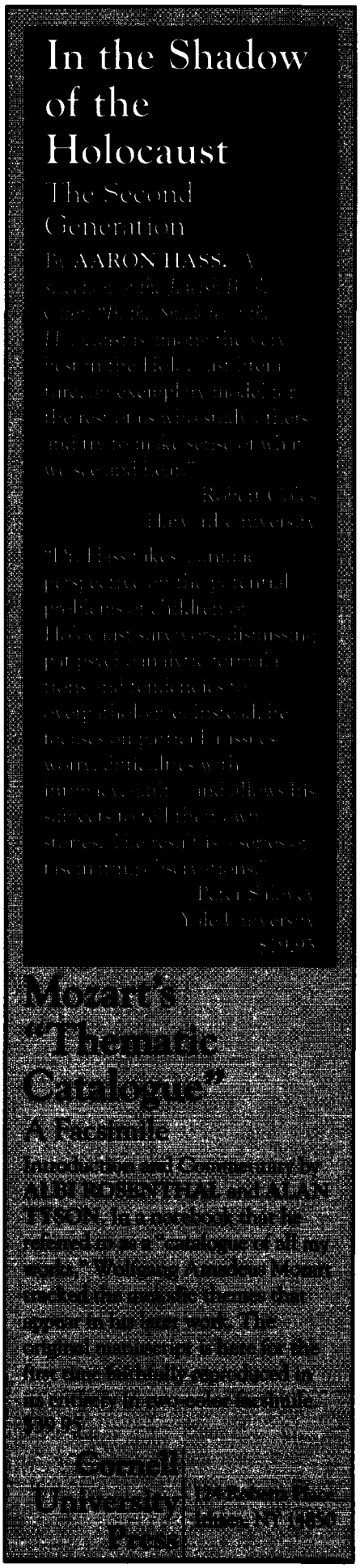
Though the sight is disturbing, it also does not seem to surprise him. Buckley warned of the possibility as early as 1983, in his upbeat autobiographical volume, *Overdrive:*

> There is much to complain about in America, but that awful keening noise one unhappily gets so used to makes no way for the bells, and these have rung for America, are still ringing for America, and for this we are *obliged* to be grateful. To be otherwise is wrong reason, and a poetical invitation to true national tribulation.

Now that the "true national tribulation" is upon us, Buckley would act by very nearly compelling all eighteen-year-olds to "acknowledge" their debt to their country's institutions and protections. This debt would be paid by one year of "concrete service." Boys and girls could choose to preserve forests in Wyoming, care for old people in Florida, tutor school in Illinois, prevent crime in the District of Columbia. In return, they would get $10,000 in loans and credits, plus something intangibly beneficial. They would be better, happier, more reliable citizens for their experience, and collective morale and morality would get a boost as the National Service Franchise Administration, a figment of Buckley's utopian, practical imagination, becomes an institution.

Buckley has to spend much of *Gratitude* tending his right flank. Indeed, such an extension of government powers over the lives and wallets of innocent teenagers as his program would involve is not what one might have expected of a man who made his name crusading against the follies of New Deal so-

EDWARD NORDEN *reviewed George Will's* Men at Work *in our September 1990 issue and Günter Grass's* Two States—One Nation? *in January.*



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cial engineering. It was at Buckley's country estate in 1960, after all, that the Young Americans for Freedom drafted their reactionary, revolutionary Sharon Statement. That document would have limited governmental functions to "preservation of internal order, the provision of national defense, and the administration of justice."

Yet both America and Buckley have come a long way since then. If Buckley helped lift America up from liberalism, he had to stoop to conquer. For example, already in 1974, in *Four Reforms*, the tenth of his 29 books to date, he was no longer writing of abolishing but rather of changing the welfare system. He defended himself against his purist comrades then on grounds of practicality and ethics, bringing in Aquinas, Madison, and statistics, and he does the same now.

It was also in *Four Reforms* that Buckley first broached the idea of national service, recommending that no freshman be permitted to matriculate from college without, for instance, devoting a year to keeping old people company. Maybe it was no accident that this was around the time that Richard Nixon abolished the draft and reinstituted a volunteer army, to the relief of an ungrateful nation sick of Vietnam. The reformist Buckley was aware of this feeling. He wrote realistically: "The idea of public service of some kind or another by the citizenry has frequently been proposed. There has been an instinctive coolness toward the idea primarily because of the conscriptive feel of it."

Have things changed? Despite the demonstrators on Pennsylvania Avenue warning against a new Vietnam in the Persian Gulf, the idea of firmly offering young Americans something to do besides getting ahead, having fun, or getting in trouble, while it may not be one whose time has come, at least no longer seems fantastic. A Citizenship and National Service Bill covering military and non-military volunteers and stopping short of conscription has been tabled by the hard-nosed Senator Sam Nunn. Conceivably, Buckley may be on to something feasible.

A feeling for the grass roots is crucial here. Buckley, often on the road, senses a "hunger" for service, an incipient altruistic, patriotic urge lurking behind the anomie. That urge needs to be stoked into a "national political will." Buckley admits that to push through the legislation, nothing less than "changing the national ethos" about work, pleasure, and the self will be required, but he declares that he is optimistic.

STILL, *Gratitude* cannot be called an optimistic book, and that is a departure for its combative author. Finally it is an odd sort of tract, hopeful and anxious, positive and nearly despairing, and fleetingly more revealing than either of Buckley's two autobiographical works so far. Indeed, what Buckley says explicitly about his country and implicitly about the pair of institutions which he has naturally always revered and trusted most—the family and the church—seems downright desperate.

If "amorality, and anomie" are epidemic in the U.S., in the inner city and in the suburbs too, and if there is such a terrible emptiness in the hearts of young Americans as Buckley says there is, then the fault, the sin, is surely not to be imputed so much to the marketplace or the schools as to several generations of parents and priests, ministers and rabbis. Worse, if the government, in peacetime, must be called in to build character, this must mean that Buckley has all but given up hope of redeeming either the family or church from, at best, irrelevance.

And whether or not things are really as bad as Buckley reports they are, one wonders if his program would help much. To a reviewer who lives in Israel—where military service for males is mandatory to age fifty-two, and where even half the young women put in a couple of years in uniform—it is, in particular, the scrupulously *civilian* tenor of Buckley's proposal which raises doubts.

Buckley, unlike Senator Nunn, would have the individual states, not the federal government, finance and administer national service. Unlike Nunn, he would also make no provision for volunteers to do their stint in khaki. This is not because Buckley has become a pacifist. It is because he seems to believe that most Americans still remain cool to the military, and any quasi-compulsory program which mixed social work with mortar practice would resemble a new draft and be unsellable. Besides, he thought when he wrote *Gratitude* that the happy conclusion of the cold war meant that Americans no longer had any good reason to learn war.

And yet, when Buckley, a U.S. Army veteran and proud of it, looks for a working example of national service, he comes up with Switzerland. This is where he skis, and where every male citizen must go to the army and the reserves, storing an assault rifle at home. "Shared experience in the military has unquestionably contributed to the morale of a heterogeneous nation," Buckley writes. Maybe, he adds, it has even saved Switzerland from becoming another Lebanon, the implication being that the Lebanonization of the U.S. is not unimaginable.

At the very least, the burden shared by almost all Israelis in the Israel Defense Forces dampens the centrifugal forces at work on another heterogeneous nation, one which, like the U.S., has an immigrant present as well as an immigrant past. Israelis, bitching about it, by and large do their duty, and this is socially beneficial. Of course, Israel is menaced by warlike neighbors, whereas Buckley's country is threatened only by rot, and by would-be Bismarcks like Saddam Hussein.

As it happens, however, Buckley's magazine has been in the forefront of those most reasonably insisting that the U.S. should go to war if necessary to neutralize Saddam. "If it comes to fighting—as it very well might—the United States should hit with a heavy hand," editorializes the *National Review*, adding that the goal ought to be "the overthrow of Saddam."

Never since his own army days has Buckley felt as close as he did then to his fellow Americans. That this is a source of unhappiness for him can be deduced from several

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wistful lines in *Gratitude*. For example, "I have twice laid eyes on the neighbor north of my property [in the Connecticut countryside] and I have yet to lay eyes on my neighbor to the south. . . . Many Americans . . . feel a growing isolation from one another."

The men and women serving in the Persian Gulf are volunteers, not at all a cross-section of the country whose economy, well-being, independence, and self-respect they may still have to kill or die for. If things should go wrong in the struggle with Saddam Hussein, the national tribulation conjured by Buckley might actually be on America, and he would then have reason to be even more nostalgic than he already is for the feeling of success, mission, and brotherhood he shared with other GI's back in the last year of World War II, when he was drafted.

The Younger Movement

BEYOND THE BOOM: NEW VOICES ON AMERICAN LIFE, CULTURE, AND POLITICS. Edited by TERRY TEACHOUT. *Poseidon Press. 237 pp. $18.95.*

Reviewed by D.G. MYERS

ACCORDING to the conventional understanding, baby boomers were hippies in the 60's and then, after tuning out, turning off, and dropping back in, they became yuppies in the 80's. At one extreme they are associated with anti-war protest, down-to-where-I-like-it hair, bell bottoms and tie-dyed T-shirts, McGovern-for-President, Eastern mysticism, the novels of Hermann Hesse, the poetry of Gary Snyder, sex, drugs, and rock-'n'-roll. At the other extreme they are the image of self-absorption and greed: two incomes, no kids, fancy cars, even fancier sailboats, junk bonds, safe sex, an expert knowledge of restaurants, Italian suits, the return of the wet look, and a certainty that their generation, if no longer the most idealistic in history, is still the most conspicuous.

D.G. MYERS *contributed "Why College Sports" to the December 1990* COMMENTARY.

It is the thesis of several of the essayists in Terry Teachout's new anthology *Beyond the Boom*, however, that there are actually two boom generations. The hippies, those old enough to have found the Vietnam war personally threatening, can now be described as "older boomers." They did not become yuppies because they never dropped back in. They drifted from job to job or settled in the university, drawing about them volumes of neo-Marxist theory like an old comforter. "Vietnam seems to have broken them," Teachout writes in his introduction. "They . . . lost their nerve and were never heard from again." The younger boomers, by contrast, surprised everyone by voting in heavy numbers for Ronald Reagan. They have broken decisively with the politics and culture of their older brothers and sisters, and theirs are the voices you will be hearing "tomorrow," Teachout promises—"and the day after tomorrow."

Much support for this view can be found in *Beyond the Boom*. Although they range in age from thirty to nearly forty, the fifteen contributors are as one in repudiating the ideas embraced by the first wave of the baby-boom generation. Maggie Gallagher and Richard Vigilante convincingly demonstrate, for instance, that the political carryover of 60's activism included no-growth restrictions which drove up the price of real estate, keeping younger buyers from the market; and a reliance upon government that led willy-nilly to staggering taxes, the deterioration of personal responsibility, and schools distant from or antagonistic to parents' standards and values. In this light, what may appear as "yuppie greed" is in actuality a reassertion of an ideal much laughed at by 60's activists—the "bourgeois ideal," as Vigilante puts it, of "well-ordered prosperity in a law-abiding community."

Actually, however, the book these authors have collaborated to produce is at best only tangentially concerned with the boomers, early or late. The chapters range from Roger Kimball's "Requiem for the Critical Temper," which traces the decline of literary criticism since the 50's, to David Brooks's happy revival of the 17th-century character essay, "Portrait of a Washington Policy Wonk." Some of the best writing in the book has nothing at all to do with the baby boom. Andrew Ferguson's "Everything You Know Is Wrong" is a caustic belittlement of revisionist history, the spirit of which is summed up in Ferguson's title, a line from an album by the Firesign Theater. At the other end of the tonal scale, Lisa Schiffren's "Whiff of Grapeshot," the surprise of the volume, is an earnest defense of the martial virtues.

Uncharacteristic of their generation—insofar as that generation is lingeringly identified with the values and deficiencies of the "youth culture" of the 60's—the writers in this volume are also not particularly interested in substituting a clearer image of it. They are not even sure that a generation is an intelligible category. After considering the failure of the boom to bring about a realignment in American politics, Richard Brookhiser concludes: "Maybe no one found a way to use the boom generation or its successors for political purposes because those generations didn't exist in the first place . . . . [T]here are no generations, in a politically coherent sense, at all." And to judge by this volume, the same could be said of generations in art, literature, religion, business.

YET if they are not coherent as a generation, the fifteen authors of *Beyond the Boom* are coherent as a movement—they are neoconservatives. And their book announces a flowering of criticism among a younger set of conservative intellectuals, the legatees of such as Irving Kristol, Norman Podhoretz, Hilton Kramer, Thomas Sowell, Joseph Epstein, Midge Decter, Robert Nisbet, Gertrude Himmelfarb, and Edward Shils. Indeed, the authors of *Beyond the Boom* extend the achievement of neoconservatism as a critical movement. What makes them especially significant is that as Americans who came of age during the 60's, or in the years immediately following, they acquired their intellectual maturity, their critical surefootedness, almost en-

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tirely at the expense of the ideas of the 60's. This first-hand contention with bad thinking has given them, as writers, an authority and (at times) a hard literary edge that sets them apart from their run-of-the-mill contemporary, the workshop graduate who conceives of writing as the itemization of a sublimely ordinary life. Even when their subject is personal experience, these young critics return continually to ideas.

It is ideas, as Richard Brookhiser says at one point, that the neocon critics see as "the real force for change" in culture and politics. And from this angle, neoconservative criticism becomes the deliberate avoidance of what Bruce Bawer, in an essay on American movies since the 60's, calls the "fashionable posture of 'sensitivity'"—which usually means an "insensitivity to thoughtful distinctions." The critics in *Beyond the Boom* are not too worried about being sensitive. In "Break Glass in Case of Emergency," George Sim Johnston takes to pieces the "vague religiosity" in which many Americans find refreshment—just as long as it "does not interfere in any way with how they live." Genuine religious ideas are too "rigid and authoritarian" for most people, and Johnston predicts that only "an unprecedented cataclysm, a new Dark Ages," will shake them.

Not that these writers are out to shake anyone, at least not in the sense of winning converts. The function of social and cultural criticism, as they engage in it, is not so much to propose answers as to offer clear thinking on questions that are at present badly confused. In his essay "Second Childhood," for instance, John Podhoretz shows how cultural attitudes toward children in America have oscillated wildly from a pleasant vision of their "spiritual greatness and moral superiority" (as embodied in the movie *E.T.*) to the current anxiety, needled by exaggerating the problem of child abuse, that children are "possessed of an infinite capacity for victimization." In lieu of *the* truth about childhood, what Podhoretz's essay provides is a calm moment in which to reflect that the truth about childhood is not what it is popularly said to be.

This is a gain in knowledge, although it does raise a question about these young critics at this stage of their careers. They do not like *The Greening of America*, deconstruction, Gary Hart, health foods, the Grateful Dead, feminism, Jay McInerney, nuclear-free zones; they do not like too many new movies, and they are not crazy about the notion of old movies as high art, either. They are rather obscure, however, on the question of what they *do* like. At one point Walter Olson speaks of "reading Friedrich Hayek and Milton Friedman by flashlight under [the] bedcovers," but he really means to contrast his private reading to the "Keynes-and-points-Left economics lectures" he was made to sit through in college. Andrew Ferguson touches upon the normative force of tradition, but he really means to scorn those (unlike him) who consider tradition to be "the vessel of the vulgarest errors."

Although *Beyond the Boom* is crammed with derision for cultural quacks and mountebanks, it includes no sustained defense of a single artist or intellectual figure. At this stage, the neocon critics are still absorbed in the task of hauling away the last rusted-out ideas of the 60's. But it is hard to believe this will satisfy them for long, particularly in view of their great gifts. For the correction of bad thinking is, as Santayana says, a "terrible tax to pay to the errors of others."

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